

The Editor is happy to receive and to consider articles from any quarter; but he cannot in any case return MSS. which are not accepted, nor will he hold interviews or correspondence concerning them.

THE ROUND TABLE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1869.

THE REFORM CLUB FOR NEW YORK.

THE plan offered by the *Round Table* of May 1, inst., of a Reform Club for New York, has since been considerably discussed both in public and private, and we are glad to say has been, on the whole, much approved. Several city journals have published articles favoring the project, and the *Evening Post*, the *Sun*, the *Mail*, and others have cordially recommended it for special consideration. It is proper to add that some, while warmly in sympathy with the proposed objects of such a club, and while lauding it as an excellent thing in theory, have doubts of its harmonious working in practice even if—which they also question—it could be organized and put in operation. They urge that as there are Republicans who are free-traders and Democrats who are free-traders, Democrats who believe in the representation of minorities, the reform of the civil service, the abolition of an elective judiciary, and other progressive reforms, as well as Republicans, that it would be difficult to bring such thinkers together on a common social platform, and impossible to make them combine for common political ends. This is precisely what we are not prepared to believe. It has seemed to us that in the present condition of national affairs these reforms and others of a similar character are of more consequence than all other public issues, and that those who earnestly put faith in such reforms would so far agree in that opinion as to be willing to waive less material and strictly partisan questions for the sake of a higher good. This view may be too flattering, as the *Sun* would seem to imply. Yet, as it appears likely that public abuses and corruptions will grow worse in the natural order of things before they grow better, the necessity that good men of all parties should unite to give battle to the common enemy must constantly grow more apparent. We do not imagine that a Reform Club established in New York would be a panacea for all our political troubles; but we do think it would constitute a simple and powerful means of concentrating and making effective those elements of opposition to corruption, extravagance, and folly which clearly exist in the community, but as clearly have at present no effectual check upon public affairs. If machinery now in operation does not perform the work, which is, however, positively indispensable to national salvation, other machinery must be devised that will. Our notion is that of a body which, having no official position and seeking none, shall act constantly as inquisitors, censors, and exposers of the deeds and misdeeds of public servants; which shall devise and put before the country in intelligible form schemes for arresting bad government and substituting good; and which shall be drawn together and cemented by those social attractions and conveniences which experience has shown to be useful in similar cases elsewhere. Is it true that this is impracticable? And if there are serious difficulties in the way are not the advantages promised such as make it worth while to make serious efforts to surmount them?

The story of the man who instructed his sons with the bundle of sticks—showing how each could easily be broken singly, while the whole together defied the utmost strength that could be brought to bear to break them—is strikingly applicable to our various reform associations as at present constituted. Neither of them is strong enough or tenacious enough to answer any great purpose alone; together they would be invincible. How do the bad men who grow rich on public plunder manage to carry out their ends? They form “rings” for the purpose, whose collective strength is proved—to our sad experience—to be thoroughly efficacious. No one of these scoundrels—not even the greatest of them—could effect his schemes alone. He agrees with others, conceding something and receiving something; all pull together, and the work is done. Now, sooner or later, good men must form “rings” to do work of a different kind. They must take a leaf from the book of the public robbers, and unite in solid phalanx to put down the wicked but powerful combinations which are destroying the health and the purity of our society. If there is any better “ring” for so salutary a purpose than a Reform Club, we should be glad to know of it and glad to support it. We are, however, persuaded that such an organization is feasible, necessary, highly convenient for the ends in view, and far superior to any or all that already exist having similar aims. We feel sure that the Reform Club will be established in New York—whether speedily or when the abuses that suggest it cry much louder for remedy than they already do, depends upon the press and upon the public spirit of influential individuals who can readily, if they will, give the project birth and vitality.

There is another objection—that several clubs have lately broken down in the metropolis for lack of interest and funds to sustain them, and that the inference is unfavorable to the success of any new, similar organization at this time. This circumstance unquestionably has weight; but when the immeasurable difference between the moral aims, social significance, and public importance of a Club such as we propose and those of any other that has broken down is considered, we cannot suppose that such

an objection either can or ought to be regarded as conclusive. If there are good reasons for thinking that such a Club as we propose would do the excellent work for which it would be founded, no one who desired such work to be done, and who could afford the outlay, would be justified in refusing the Club his support.

THE CHICAGO OF THE SOUTH.

A NOT over sapient individual once wonderingly observed that it was a singular and rather unaccountable circumstance that most rivers ran past great cities. That was specially true of the olden times. Man was not long in finding out the business facilities and other advantages afforded by the proximity of rivers, the great inland highways of commerce; and hence towns which grew to any considerable size were invariably built upon the borders of a navigable stream. The seaport at the mouth of the river was like a huge heart into which poured the natural produce, agricultural and mineral, of the district of which it was the outlet, to be again sent forward to other localities; and the size of the city usually corresponded to the area and richness of the river-basin in which it was placed, and the extent and rapidity of the circulation effected through it. With the advent of the locomotive this peculiarity has been considerably modified. No longer does the commercial importance of a city depend altogether, or even mainly, upon its possession of inland water communication, but rather upon its railway connections with interior centres of population and industry. Yet, other things continuing the same, a river town must always have, commercially speaking, an important advantage over one not situated upon a great artery of the country. For river traffic, though less rapid, is also less costly than railroad transit, and therefore for bulky articles of comparatively little value, which have to be transported over long distances, water carriage takes precedence over all other modes of conveyance.

Applying these general principles to the interior of the states, it requires little discrimination to see that the Mississippi river, running through one of the largest and richest valleys in the world, forms the great natural trade highway for the district through which it flows. By its numerous tributaries the produce of the interior of the continent, from the Alleghanies to the Rocky Mountains, can easily be shipped to Western and Southern ports and thence be transhipped to our Eastern states or European markets. But this route from the West to the East is unfortunately circuitous and long, and through a climate favorable to that “heating” to which in long sea voyages grain is liable. This latter drawback has not, however, in practice proved a very serious one, as, with ordinary care in storing and shipping it, wheat has repeatedly reached England and France from New Orleans in excellent condition. The greater length of this route over that by Chicago is scarcely appreciable so far as our foreign exportations are concerned, and only becomes serious in transshipments to our Eastern seaboard. The ultimate direction of the grain traffic, the staple commodity of Western trade, must, however, depend primarily upon the cost of transshipment, and the longer water-route may possibly prove the cheaper. Upon this point will turn the solution of the problem now being agitated on the banks of the Mississippi. If cargoes can be delivered in New York and Liverpool through New Orleans cheaper than by Northern routes, they will certainly be sent that way; but this can only be determined by actual experiment. Hitherto Chicago has been the great centre and headquarters of the Western grain trade. Her position on the lakes, her admirable system of concentrating railroads, and the capital and business energy and enterprise she has thrown into the traffic, have all assisted in producing this result. Whether the attempt now being made to divert at least a portion of her commerce down the Mississippi proves a success or not, will, as we have said, primarily be decided by the freight question, but indirectly it will also be largely affected by the facilities that may be afforded for effecting sales and storing and transshipping the grain. If, however, the movement initiated by the merchants of St. Louis and New Orleans is only carried out with vigor, it should meet with success. Natural advantages are certainly in favor of the Mississippi route, and with but a moiety of the sagacity and energy displayed by Chicago, Buffalo, and other Northern ports, the South ought largely to share in the carrying trade of the West. For several reasons we should rejoice at such a consummation. It would tend more surely than any reconstructive policy to make the South prosperous and happy. It would bind her more closely with the West, attract capital southwards, and hasten the material development she so urgently needs. Besides, competition is always desirable, and if the success of the Mississippi grain trade did nothing more, it would reduce the price of breadstuffs on our Eastern seaboard, and prove an undisguised blessing to the poor in our great Atlantic cities.

Presuming, then, that sooner or later, as population in the Mississippi valley increases and facilities for traffic are offered, a due portion of the products of the district will be borne seawards by the “Father of Waters,” a speculative point of some interest arises as to the city which will in all probability be the centre of this new commercial movement, or, in other words, become what may not inaptly be termed the Chicago of the South. Only two competitors appear to have any chances in the rivalry—New Orleans and St. Louis. New Orleans labors under the disadvantages of remoteness from the grain-producing regions, occasional outbreaks of yellow fever, and that want of centrality which in itself is almost fatal to its progress. St. Louis, on the other hand, more central and accessible,

lacks in her leading men, owing probably to their infusion of French blood, the bold enterprise characteristic of most American cities, so that, as has been most wittily but very truly remarked, what she urgently needs is about thirty-five first-class funerals. The data for arriving at an approximate conclusion are so meagre and the anomalies and vagaries of trade so numerous that time alone can solve the problem.

THE FUTURE OF STATEN ISLAND.

NEW YORK is probably destined to be the greatest city the world has yet seen. Not only because it is the principal gate of the continent for foreign commerce, but because it is the chief town of a gigantic empire, does this promise to be its destiny. The comparatively small island on which it stands will not, of course, comprise the whole actual metropolis, but will be the centre of a congeries of cities, some of which may hereafter even rival Manhattan in population and magnificence. Nothing is more certain than that the Bay of New York will be fringed within a brief space by the noblest collection of towns ever bought into such close proximity of which we have any record. Many of the most splendid and populous cities of antiquity lay far inland, and of these none, except it be imperial Rome, was the capital of a country to be compared in extent and resources with the United States. New York, through her unparalleled advantages, bids fair to unite the glories and outstrip the grandeur of Thebes and of Tyre, of Venice and of Paris. This, to be sure, will be a work of time; and yet, through exceptional circumstances, of probably less time than has ever witnessed the rise of a magnificent city in the history of the globe. It has long been evident that the island of Manhattan itself—a narrow strip twelve miles by two—would be quite inadequate to the needs of the populace and commerce of the great centre. Manhattan will be but the core, the nucleus—what the "City" is to London. Colossal bridges will leap over the adjacent rivers, the neighboring shores will become all compact of docks and houses, and while the original town will be absorbed for the purposes of commerce, the country for miles around will gradually fill up as has the West End of London, the streets and gas-posts running out in every direction to meet the villas and rural by-ways, and so the monstrous city increasing year by year in a geometrical progression whose final term can only be imagined. We see but the first ones. We see Brooklyn and Jersey City and Hoboken and Astoria; but the time will doubtless come when within a radius of twenty miles around the City Hall there will be no intervals save those of the bridge-laced streams between the interminable laminæ of streets and docks and squares. Even rapid processes are gradual, and it often happens that men who have lived on a given spot while great changes have been effected will shake their heads incredulously if changes no greater are predicted in their hearing as likely to come with the future. It is not improbable, for example, that a very few years will see the filling up of the Jersey marshes, and that the area will ultimately be occupied by dwellings and workshops and churches; yet few of the residents hard by believe it. It is more certain that Staten Island, whose shores are now encircled by a network of villages, will grow up into one vast town, that streets will dart up and cover its vernal hills, that pavements and sewers and gaslights will invade the Serpentine and the Clove and Ocean Terrace, and will illumine and make accessible sylvan shades and grassy nooks even more remote and unknown. Staten Island, indeed—which, but for much prudence and little taste, might have been the site of the queen city herself—is destined to play a much more important part in our metropolitan drama of the future than even her warmest admirers and most filial children have hitherto permitted themselves to imagine.

Staten Island has been chiefly regarded as having been previously a collection of little farms, producers of milk and vegetables, and of scattered fishing-stations—a place of lovely views and woody pastures, of surprising and picturesque variety of surface and outlook, and of easy access from New York; as a favorite spot for suburban residences; and so in truth it is. From the rich bankers and lucky traders whose estates crown its heights to those of more modest pretensions further down, and again to the dwellers in the villages by the shore, there is to be heard but one chorus of admiration and attachment for their beautiful island; or, if any one ventures to whisper mosquitoes or chills, he is properly pooh-poohed as too quick to discern spots on the sun and too slow to appreciate the immunities and beatitudes of the future. But Staten Island is to be something more—or less—than a beauty-spot, or a wilderness of cottage-ornées. The demands which are to spring out of the completion of the Pacific Railroad and, as we hope and believe, from a triumph of the principles of Free Trade, are not to be responded to alone by groves and pleasure-grounds and comfortable homes. In a word, there must be accommodation for shipping, with all the attendant facilities that such traffic demands—docks, coal-yards, machine-shops, sail-lofts, and the like. Notwithstanding New York is an island, and notwithstanding the convenience of her opposite shores, the space at command for these purposes is already so much less than is required as to be much more costly than it should be. Already several of the great ocean steamship lines contemplate securing room for the increasing exigencies of their trade on the shores of Staten Island, if some of their number have not already done so, and there cannot be a doubt of the expediency and far-sightedness of making such provision. The London docks are at a mean distance from the bulk of the London population

greater than that of Staten Island from the mass of New Yorkers, and, considering the difference between New York harbor and the Thames, there is no comparison in ease and convenience of transit. There are, indeed, so many reasons in favor of making Staten Island the terminus and depot of all the Transatlantic steamships, and so few against it, that we think it extremely probable the plan will in time be generally adopted. A tug might almost as well run five miles as one, and if there must be transshipment of passengers and freight, as with the Cunard steamers, it might better be from a point cheap and convenient, and one which saves the packet five miles of steaming on each passage, than from one without these advantages. Now, such a movement as this would give an immense impetus to the increase of population and the architectural improvements which at Staten Island as well as New York are always going forward; but Staten Island in that case would cease to be merely a growing and beautiful suburb; it would begin to become itself, as well as its neighbor Manhattan, a magnificent city. It would cease to be a dependent, and might even look forward to becoming a rival.

Thus the distinction of furnishing a site for the great Capital of the West, the distinction of which Staten Island by caprice or accident was originally deprived, may yet in a measure be shared by her from the overflow of her more favored sister. Nearer to Europe than Manhattan, larger and more convenient in shape, having every other advantage possessed by the latter island, with the additional one of being nearer the mainland and capable of being far more readily and cheaply connected with it than is the other, there are substantial reasons why, with the prodigious expansion in numbers, traffic, and wealth of which the Pacific Railroad is the undoubted precursor, Staten Island should become all or more than we have here ventured to predict. The bridge that is to compete with the ferries will probably be built long before the one which is to span the East River, and will afford early indications of the growth to come; and no doubt many speculations that now seem visionary, such as to some may appear the foregoing, will in a few short years become natural and expectable. The growth of this country has been unprecedented, and, of all its parts, the surge upward of its great cities and their environs has been most striking. Things more miraculous than Staten Island's expanding into a splendid city have already been accomplished among us, and we make not the least doubt that, by the centennial anniversary of American Independence, the intrinsic probability of such a wonder will be generally acknowledged.

THE GENTEEL THING IN CARDS.

CARDS enter so much into the business of fashionable life that they may almost be called the literature of society. Of course we do not mean that sort of cards which a Southwestern American calls his "papers" or his "Bible"—the only one he is prone to trouble—but the small oblong or square pieces of pasteboard which society uses to chronicle its movements. No social event can take place without them; no one who is anybody, or who aspires to be anybody, can very well be born, not at all married, and rarely and ignominiously die without their indispensable aid. They serve to herald the coming, speed the parting, guest; they help us to see our friends, and, still more important, not to see them; they aid us to make peace or war; they bring us, when merry or sad, the company that misery is said to love, and happiness seldom hates; they assist us to society or solitude, as we desire. The card-receiver on our parlor table is a directory of *ton*. It tells us who is in town, and who has gone away; who wants to see us, and whom we ought to see; who has been married, and who is going to be; who has been dying, and where everybody but the last mentioned lives. Then, too, it holds, as it were, our social credentials, and at a glance it enables the expert to gauge our exact social standing.

But manifold as are the uses of cards, not less various are their mysteries. No man, we venture to say, ever fully understood them, unless it were one of those phenomenal creatures disguised as men who write for, read, and are celebrated in the weakly columns of the *Fireside Flunky* or the *Small Beer Chronicle and Family Spy*. This, too, lovely and progressive woman counts among her triumphs, that she has mastered the bewilderingments of cards. For ourselves, we openly confess that they stand among the most constant perplexities, the most wearing anxieties of life. To tell which pocket our visiting cards are in is a conundrum we have never yet been able to answer when occasion and an impatient lackey required; to know how many cards to send in where there are ten Miss Browns (or is it Misses Brown?), three married sisters, Mrs. Brown *mère*, and Grandmamma Brown, and one wants to be polite to all of them, is a problem more intricate than any in Euclid; to know which corner to turn down, and which way to turn it, yet remains to us one of the profoundest of enigmas. If our neighbor has had a death in the family, we are sure to disgust him by sending him a card of *Felicitation*; at the wedding of his eldest or the birth of his last, we are certain to win a repute for ill-timed and vapid sarcasm by sending our *Condolence*; and we invariably turn down *Visite* to signify that we are going away. And then the hieroglyphs on cards of invitation for a long time baffled our keenest conjecture. Of R. S. V. P. we have made guesses scarcely more fortunate than that Western Congressman's, new to Washington elegances, who construed the mystic letters to mean R. St., nr. P. At last we thought we had found out their meaning; we even flattered ourselves that we had discovered the words for

which they stand, and which, if we are not mistaken, are words of the French language. But alas! even here we were wrong, as we have lately been shown, although the shock of the fall has been alleviated by the extent and value of the information it became the means of affording us.

There is a gentleman in this city who knows all about cards—a great deal more than we know, probably a great deal more than anybody else knows about them; who can tell you out of hand precisely what cards to use on every possible or impossible emergency of life; who understands the French language also, and not a little English. This of itself would single him out for a remarkable man; but he is so remarkable that only “on noticing him,” perhaps in the street, a distinguished journalist of this city was inspired “to write the following complimentary notice”:

“The demand for choice stationery and elegantly engraved cards is an unerring indication of the taste and refinement of a community. Ladies and gentlemen feel a natural pride in the style and quality of the appointments of the Escritoire, and half the ECLAT of a wedding or reception hinges on the elegance of the Card of Invitation.”

Whether it is the tasteful and refined community, or the naturally proud ladies and gentlemen, or the wedding and reception distinguished by a hinged ECLAT (which also, we are given to understand, is a word of the French language, and means “loud noise” or “brightness”—therefore distinguished by a hinged loud noise or brightness) that is here chiefly complimented by the eminent journalist, we are at a loss to say. But that somebody is complimented is plain enough, and the compliment seems all the more delicate that only the person for whom it was intended has been able to discover it. Inspired by this graceful praise, and desirous of instructing a docile if ignorant generation, the remarkable man first referred to (who is, by chance, in fact a dealer in cards) has issued a little manual telling us all about them, and ornamented as to the cover with the foregoing high-toned eulogium of his literary friend. The monograph is entitled *Card Etiquette*, and has given us so much mingled instruction and entertainment that we hasten to make our readers sharers in its benefits.

We know now what R. S. V. P. stands for: it is *Repondez s'il vous plait*; and P. P. C. signifies *Pour Prendre Conge*. It is gratifying likewise to learn that “the words *Visité*, *Condolance*,” etc., are “used in English, French, and Spanish,” though it would be, perhaps, more entirely satisfactory if one only knew to which of the three languages they normally belong. Next to French, we learn that ungrammatical English is the proper medium for invitations and answers. For example, if we were Mr. and Mrs. C. White, and we wished to accept with pleasure Mrs. Blank’s kind invitation for Wednesday evening, we should put it in this chaotic fashion:

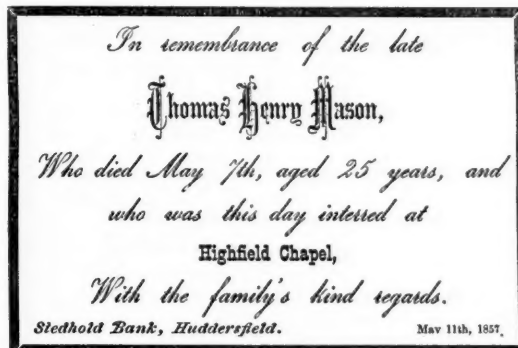
Mr. and Mrs. C. White’s
Compliments to . . . Mrs. Blank
accepting, with pleasure, her kind invitation for
Wednesday Evening. Clinton Place.

Or if we were Miss Mary G. Lee, and wanted to have a birthday and give a party about it, we should say:

Miss Mary G. Lee,
With her Brother and Sisters,
request the pleasure of your Company on Wednesday,
May 1st, from 5 until 10 o’clock.
Wolloughby Avenue.

Unless Miss Mary G. Lee is twins, it is hard to see what right she has to a plural verb. Plainly, there is for cards a higher law of English grammar; mono-grammar perhaps we should call it. At times it seems to have infected the author’s own brilliant descriptive style. Of the dinner-plate card he says: “The words *Bon appetit* [these again we suspect to be French] in blue or crimson, with an edge on the card to match [the edge on the appetite?], has just been introduced.” Of anniversary weddings we read that “invited guests should not absent themselves from such festive occasions by any false idea, requiring them to contribute costly presents.” Here, however, one forgets the eccentricity of the dialect in the delight of the announcement. And further down in the same connection is a really valuable bit of information: “For amusement and sociability, trifles in Paper, Tin, or Wood may be offered by casual as well as personal friends on the occasion of Paper, Tin, or Wooden Weddings.” Not every one, we will be bound, could have made that nice discrimination between “casual” and “personal” friends, and fewer still would have had the magnanimity to admit their gifts on an equal footing. Only a narrow mind would draw any invidious inferences from the fact that the accomplished writer deals also in Paper, Tin, and Wooden trifles, but not in costly gold and silver presents. A juster objection is that Paper Weddings are elsewhere vaguely but scornfully mentioned as being “more honored in the name than in the observance,” and that at Crystal Weddings, where especially, we are assured in all the solemnity of small caps, “GLASS TRIFLES ARE APPROPRIATE GIFTS,” there seems to be no provision for the poor casuals, who are left out in the cold while the luckier personals trifle with their glasses and are appropriate and happy. It is not easy in the space of an article like this to give all of interest or information that this

pamphlet affords. Here, however, is the latest London style of Cards in Memoriam:



To be interred with the family’s kind regards is a piece of politeness which we trust the decedent fully appreciated. We remember one other epitaph that for a judicious mingling of elegance and piety deserves to rank with this. It commemorates the fate of that unhappy youth who

“On the banks of the Peacus River
Was accidentally shot.

He was shot with a Colt’s revolver, old pattern, brass mounted, and of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.” In the sample of the New York style we find a still more touching instance of resignation in commemorating, with a heartrending carelessness of syntax, “the Samaritan ministrations of the loving Friends on whose tender care the Deceased was cast by a sudden Providence which are hereby gratefully acknowledged by his Bereaved Family.” Occasionally, instead of being enlightened, we are plunged into still more hopeless obscurity. What, for instance, are we to understand by this inexplicable form for a Card of Announcement:

“Mr. and Mrs. Henry Manchester, on a large card with card of the Bride tastily united by a neat Ribbon Tie enclosed in a Beaded Envelope, also, with Monogram (combined initials) and Ribbon Tie below the initials.”

Fancy the appearance of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Manchester on a large card, or a Bride tastily united by a neat Ribbon Tie, enclosed in a Beaded Envelope! What does it mean? As little can we understand why “for Balls and Hops some very novel designs will be introduced next winter with either Military, Naval, Terpsichorean, and other styles.” Which, what, who is “either Military?” And suppose we simply want other styles, why should we be compelled to take them in conjunction with “either Military, Naval, or Terpsichorean?” This smacks slightly of an arbitrariness which crops out again in more places than one. In the very next sentence we read: “Members of Societies and Social Clubs are respectfully invited to inspect the quality of my work, Engraving and Designing, and convince themselves of its superiority.” Here is no option: they are invited not to choose, or offered only Hobson’s choice, he is not even to take the trouble to convince them—they must convince themselves. Again: “The perfect combination of the various details required to produce the ‘correct thing,’ on inspection will be easily understood and duly appreciated.” Here is your true autocratic flavor, like the insolent assumption of that other tradesman who placards the streets with his arrogant mandate to “Buy your Shirts at Moody’s.” And why must we consider it “a very desirable feature” as to envelopes “that odd styles will be made to order with, or without my imprint or not gummed?” Have the stationers of New York sunk so low in servility that hereafter we are to have no gummed envelopes and no even styles, unless with or without this man’s imprint? We will not believe it. And we warn our would-be stationery despot that we, at least, shall scorn and defy his sway, and that we shall hereafter use only gummed envelopes, and only those with or without his imprint.

This spirit of tyranny, however, does not detract from the value of the book or the erudition of its author. Even about heraldry he is better informed than most of those who have made it a special study. Which of us knew before that in the “early days of England’s history the claims of Heraldry were strongly identified with national sympathy?” or who could have guessed unaided that “Explorations hitherto neglected now discover pathways revealing stores of evidence, and the remains of ancient armory which exist in abundance in Seals, Sculpture, and Painting?” It is interesting, too, to learn that “in the early palmy days of Architecture, Architects and Heralds worked hand in hand.” One need only step to the corner of Broadway and Ann Street to see how utterly that alliance has been broken.

We have said enough to show how rare a treasure is this little manual of *Card Etiquette*, and we need scarcely recommend our readers to patronize its publisher. The chance of being cheaply advertised in its future editions, of having the world made acquainted with their dinners and their tea-parties, their weddings and their receptions, is alone worth the cost of reams of visiting cards and tons of appropriate trifles.

WASHINGTON IRVING AND CHARLES DICKENS.

BY CHARLES LANMAN.

THE friendship which existed between these two distinguished authors was intimate and long continued, and as free from the alloy of selfishness as anything of the kind recorded in literary history. What little I happen to know

concerning their kindly feelings for each other, and now propose to submit to the public, may be considered as a happy conclusion to the story of their intimacy, as contained in their correspondence hitherto published.

The intercourse between them commenced in 1841, when Mr. Irving was in his fifty-eighth year, and Mr. Dickens had attained precisely half that number of years—twenty-nine. The American took the lead, and wrote a letter expressing his heartfelt delight with the writings of the Englishman and his yearnings toward him. The reply was minute, impetuously kind, and eminently characteristic. "There is no man in the world," said Mr. Dickens, "who could have given me the heartfelt pleasure you have. . . . There is no living writer, and there are very few among the dead, whose approbation I should feel so proud to earn. And with everything you have written upon my shelves, and in my thoughts, and in my heart of hearts, I may honestly and truly say so. If you could know how earnestly I write this, you would be glad to read it—as I hope you will be, faintly guessing at the warmth of the hand I *autobiographically* hold out to you over the broad Atlantic. . . . I have been so accustomed to associate you with my pleasantest and happiest thoughts, and with my leisure hours, that I rush at once into full confidence with you, and fall, as it were naturally, and by the very laws of gravity, into your open arms. . . . I cannot thank you enough for your cordial and generous praise, or tell you what deep and lasting gratification it has given me."

In the winter of 1842, and while the literary public of New York were congratulating Mr. Irving on his appointment as minister to Spain, the tide of excitement suddenly turned toward Mr. Dickens, who just then arrived in the city from Boston. Then it was that the two lions first met face to face; and for a few weeks, at Sunnyside, and in the delightful literary society which was a striking feature of New York life at that time, they saw as much of each other as circumstances would allow. Professor C. C. Felton, in his remarks on the death of Mr. Irving, before the Historical Society of Massachusetts, gave us some interesting recollections of this winter in New York. Among other things he said: "I passed much of the time with Mr. Irving and Mr. Dickens; and it was delightful to witness the cordial intercourse of the young man, in the flush and glory of his fervent genius, and his elder compeer, then in the assured possession of immortal renown. Dickens said in his frank, hearty manner, that from his childhood he had known the works of Irving; and that before he thought of coming to this country, he had received a letter from him, expressing the delight he felt in reading the story of Little Nell."

But the crowning event of the winter in question was the great dinner given to Mr. Dickens by his many admirers at the old City Hotel. I was a mere boy at the time, a Pearl Street clerk, but through the kindness of certain friends the honor was granted to me of taking a look from a side door at the august array of gifted authors before they were summoned to the sumptuous table. It was but a mere glimpse that I enjoyed; but while Mr. Irving, as the presiding host, was sacrificing his sensitive nature for the gratification of his friend, and was, by breaking down in his speech of welcome, committing the only failure of his life, I retired to the quiet of my attic room, and spent the whole of that night with Little Nell, the Broken Heart, and Marco Bozzaris, and in drinking in the beauty and the comforting philosophy of *Thanatopsis*—all of them the matchless creations of men whose persons it had been my privilege to see.

Soon after the New York dinner, business called Mr. Irving to Washington, and Mr. Dickens made his arrangements to be there at the same time. At that place they renewed their friendly intercourse, laughed together at the follies of the politicians, enjoyed the companionship of the great triumvirs—Webster, Calhoun, and Clay—and were of course victimized at the President's receptions. On one of these occasions the honors were certainly divided between the two authors; and while we know that Mr. Dickens had no reason to complain of any want of attention on the part of the people, it is pleasant to read his comments upon the conduct of the assembled company toward Mr. Irving. "I sincerely believe," said he, in his *American Notes*, "that in all the madness of American politics few public men would have been so earnestly, devotedly, and affectionately caressed as this most charming writer; and I have seldom respected a public assembly more than I did this eager throng when I saw them turning with one mind from noisy orators and officers of state, and flocking, with a generous and honest impulse, round the man of quiet pursuits; proud in his promotion as reflecting back upon their country, and grateful to him with their whole hearts for the store of graceful fancies he had poured out among them." From Washington Mr. Dickens went upon a trip to Richmond, and on his return he made a doubtful appointment to meet Mr. Irving in Baltimore, and to that meeting I shall presently recur. In the meantime I must quote a single paragraph from a letter that he wrote as a reminder to Mr. Irving: "What pleasure I have had in seeing and talking with you I will not attempt to say. I shall never forget it as long as I live. What *would* I give if we could have but a quiet week together! Spain is a lazy place, and its climate an indolent one. But if you ever have leisure under its sunny skies to think of a man who loves you, and holds communion with your spirit oftener, perhaps, than any other person alive—leisure from listlessness I mean—and will write to me in London, you will give me an inexpressible amount of pleasure."

In 1853 it was my privilege to spend a day with Mr. Irving during his last visit to Washington, and in an account of it which I published in *Once a Week*, in London, occurs the following: "He touched upon literary men generally, and a bit of criticism on Thackeray seemed to me full of meaning. He liked the novelist as a lecturer and a man, and his books were capital. Of his novels he liked *Pendennis* most; *Vanity Fair* was full of talent, but many passages hurt his feelings; *Esmond* he thought a queer affair, but deeply interesting. Thackeray had quite as great genius as Dickens; but Dickens was *genial and warm, and that suited him*."

And now comes a letter addressed to me by Mr. Dickens, during his last visit to this country, and as introductory to which the preceding paragraphs have been written. It is true the mandate of society with regard to the publishing of private letters is hanging over my head, but the beauty of the letter I hope will absolve me from all blame. In view of the allusion to myself, I must plead the saying that it is sometimes almost excusable for a man to commit a little sin for the purpose of securing a greater good:

WASHINGTON, February 5, 1868.

"MY DEAR SIR: Allow me to thank you most cordially for your kind letter

and for its accompanying books. I have a particular love for books of travel, and shall wander into the *Wilds of America* with great interest. I have also received your charming sketch with great pleasure and admiration. Let me thank you for it heartily. As a beautiful suggestion of nature, associated with this country, it shall have a quiet place on the walls of my house as long as I live.

"Your reference to my dear friend, Washington Irving, renews the vivid impressions reawakened in my mind at Baltimore but the other day. I saw his fine face for the last time in that city. He came there from New York to pass a day or two with me before I went westward; and they were made among the most memorable of my life by his delightful fancy and genial humor. Some unknown admirer of his books and mine sent to the hotel a most enormous mint-julep, wreathed with flowers. We sat, one on either side of it, with great solemnity (it filled a respectable-sized round table), but the solemnity was of very short duration. It was quite an enchanted julep, and carried us among innumerable people and places that we both knew. The julep held out far into the night, and my memory never saw him afterwards otherwise than as bending over it with his straw with an attempted air of gravity (after some anecdote involving some wonderfully droll and delicate observation of character), and then, as his eye caught mine, melting into that captivating laugh of his, which was the brightest and best I have ever heard.

"Dear Sir, with many thanks, faithfully yours,

"CHARLES DICKENS.

"CHARLES LANMAN, ESQ., Georgetown, D. C."

[We print below, from the pen of one of the counsel for Jefferson Davis, the fifth of a series of articles the nature of which is described in the heading. It is proper to explain that we do not concur in all the views expressed in these articles; but that they appear in the *Round Table* because of our belief in the utility of a free expression of all honest opinion, and because of our respect for the candor, patriotism, and learning of the writer, who, having made his subject a long and anxious study, is well qualified to interest and instruct upon it even in most cases where he may fail to convince.—ED. ROUND TABLE.]

DAVIS AND LEE;

OR, THE REPUBLIC OF REPUBLICS.

An attempt to ascertain, from the Federal Constitution, from the acts of the pre-existent States, and from the contemporaneous expositions of the fathers, the SOVEREIGNTY, CITIZENSHIP, ALLEGIANCE, and TREASON of the United States, the obligation of the President's Constitutional Oath, and the reasons why the trial of the Confederate Chiefs was evaded. By one of the Counsel of Jefferson Davis.

CHAPTER V. REBELLION OR NOT.

ASSUMING it to be a principle established by the war, that if one of our sovereign states secedes from the Union without first exhausting all the means of justice the Constitution affords, she is to be forced back into the Union, to govern herself therein, let us look, introductory, at another intensely interesting and vital question which recent events have forced upon the American people, and which the perverters have made every possible effort to dodge and prevent investigation and decision upon.

WERE CONFEDERATES REBELS AND TRAITORS?

It is anxiously asked by all thoughtful and conscientious men, who seek for constitutional truth and know its value, What law, divine, international, or civil, consigned Davis, Lee, and the other Confederates to death (for all alike are guilty or not guilty), when states, as political bodies, or vehicles, carried them—without their volition—from the Union, and constrained them to obedience and military service; and when this obedience ran on all fours with the noblest impulses of the human heart, and with the first, best, and most imperative law of nature—self-preservation? for every member or citizen of such state who obeyed her was defending his home, his family and kindred, his friends, his neighbors and fellow-citizens, and the commonwealth which involved and protected them all—in short, everything for which a man wishes to live.

A state is the citizens thereof. She is a complete political body, formed as Massachusetts, in her organic law, declares, by "a social compact, in which the whole people covenants with each citizen, and each citizen with the whole people, that all shall be governed by certain laws for the common good." Collectively, therefore, the citizens govern, while individually they obey, each citizen having two capacities—the one as a voter or governor, and the other as a subject. It is obvious, then, that each citizen *must* obey the body, she having, by immediate grant in the social compact, actual possession, and full power to coerce and punish him. So that while, on the one hand, the citizens must absolutely obey all her political determinations, on the other, it must be right, and not treasonable, for them to disobey any counter authority. She must be solely and always the supreme power.

This commonwealth of citizens, in her organic law, endows fit members with suffrage, thus by virtue of original, absolute, and inherent right ordaining the actual and efficient governing power, which is a delegative trust. This electoral body is the real government, and it, in turn, gives existence and authority to all constitutions, so-called governments, and officials, state or federal. This exhibits our representative republicanism, or self-government.

The citizen votes for the safety and welfare of the state, under her authority; and, when votes fail, he fights for the same objects under the same authority, against all foes, whether external or internal. Voting and fighting are correlatives, and both are done in obedience to the instincts of self-preservation—the first law of nature—the same instinct that prompted men to form the societies called states, and these to form the federation called "the United States." The only possible original and ultimate judgment and will to decide when the occasion for fighting or voting arises, and to direct the mode and means, are those of the state. And as the federal agents are not only citizens and subjects of the state, but are chosen for her, by her electors, to do her will, it is obviously in the nature of rebellion and treason for them to oppose her will by force. If they do so, her voters must become her soldiers, to fight such perfidious agents; and defending her is defending themselves, and vindicating their own collective will, as well as preserving republican liberty, or the right of the people to organize themselves, and govern themselves. In conformity with these principles the Southern patriots acted, and hence were not rebels and traitors.

THE FEDERAL COMPACT VINDICATES THEM.

In a striking manner does the federal compact support these views, for it shows that the only parties to, and the only actors under, it are the states; and that these are the only sources of elective power—all the officials being citizens of states, elected or appointed by and for them. Indeed, these officials belong to states as much as ever slaves did to their owners; and their power or discretion is only that of their masters, and is strictly confined to the delegations in the compact. And the said compact acknowledges and declares that every citizen is a citizen of a state, or, in other words, that he is "bone of her bone and flesh of her flesh;" owes allegiance to her alone; and is compellable to obey the federal agency solely by virtue of her command. Article IV., sec. 2, shows all citizens to be citizens of states; and Article II., sec. 1, shows that the President must be chosen by the states, while the delegations of states that compose Congress are elected and empowered solely by them. So that, in *collegium*, these officials, and the citizens and subjects of the states which they appoint to federal offices, constitute "the government of [i. e., belonging to] the United States," or, in other words, the agency of self-government of the states which are united. The simple phrases of the Constitution, "the United States," and "the states in this Union," should end controversy, as the states were pre-existent and associated themselves to form the Union. It is obvious, then, that the ultimate authority for the citizens to obey is the state, and not the government.

The treason-clause itself supports this view. It declares that "treason against the United States shall consist only in levying war against them, or in adhering to their enemies, giving them aid and comfort." The objects of this treason, then, are (not "the government," "the nation," or "the people," but) the states, or, to use Madison's phrase, "the people as composing thirteen sovereignties," each of these sovereignties having its own subjects which owe allegiance to it, and are liable to the penalties of treason for violating that allegiance. And "the government" itself, created as it is by, and subject to, the supreme law of the said states, may, by such "levying war against them," commit treason against "them." Nay, more, it might with "their" army and navy become "their enemies," and subjugate "them" one after another to its central despotism, as it has already done to ten of "them," and as it may, on new pretexts, do to the rest. For a citizen to fight against his state is treason, while his fighting against "the government" by command of the state is patriotic duty.

STRONG CORROBORATIONS.

The guilty perverters and those who are to profit by centralization hate these truths; but it will be seen that the Constitution, the records of the country, and the contemporaneous expositions of the fathers are univocal in support of them. It is well here to give a slight foretaste. Madison wrote in article 46 of the *Federalist*: "The federal and state governments are, in fact, but different agents and trustees of the people. . . . The ultimate authority, wherever the derivative may be found, resides in the people alone." In the Virginia Convention he explained that "the people" meant "the people as composing thirteen sovereignties." In article 40 of the *Federalist* he said: "The states are regarded as distinct and independent sovereignties . . . by the Constitution proposed." Nay, more, every idea herein expressed is to be found in the federal history and the present constitutions of New York and Massachusetts. These constitutions describe the citizen as a "member" and "citizen" of the state—the latter calling him a "subject of this state;" and they declare "sovereignty *enominie* to be in the states respectively, and no "powers" to be out of them except *entrusted ones*, and their history is full of proofs that the federal government has no shadow of right to exist and hold jurisdiction within their borders except *by and under* their sovereign will.

As the Confederates acted in precise accordance with these principles, it is absurd to call them rebels or traitors. They, as individuals, obeyed themselves as states. This is self-government. It is republican freedom. Our states, then, which were the first dwelling-places of Liberty, are her last retreats, her final citadels, in her contests with power!

COERCION OF STATES IS WAR AGAINST THEM.

By all the fathers, as will be hereafter shown, coercion of states by the government was considered to be war. Those waging this, no matter what they are called, must be "enemies;" and if the citizens and subjects of the states attacked wage this war, or give "aid and comfort" to others who do so, they commit treason. Not only was no provision made for the federal authorities to coerce the states (their only coercive authority affecting citizens, and being enforced by courts), but when the thoughtless proposition was made, in the federal convention, to give the general government this coercive power, it was unanimously rejected, Madison and Hamilton stigmatizing it as "visionary and fallacious," and "the maddest project ever devised." They also declared that it was war, and was entirely incompatible with the plan of union, which was a voluntary association of states, the sole purpose of which was "the security of the rights and the advancement of the interests" of the associates. If the people, as states, possess original and absolute power, while the federal government has purely derivative, and necessarily subordinate, authority, coercion of states by the said government is not only unconstitutional, but, as the fathers declared, it is war against them, and is, in its very nature, treasonable. And the citizens "levying" the "war," or giving aid and comfort to the enemy—if they are citizens of the state which is the object of the "war"—directly violate their allegiance and commit treason.

THE NATION IS STATES.—GOVERNMENTS ARE CREATURES.

There is no doubt that all the architects of American constitutional liberty, and all the master workmen who built the temple, all the presidents who left any record down to 1860, with, perhaps, a single exception, and all the respectable statesmen, except a few who were more partisans and advocates than statesmen, regarded the Union as a federation of self-governing sovereignties.

These sovereignties ratified the constitutional compact separately, just as European sovereignties would ratify a treaty. They thereby created the federal government, and "delegated" to it the only power it ever held or could hold.

All ideas of state subordination are alike false, mischievous, and absurd. If thirteen sovereignties of Europe, in order to join their strength in defence, to lessen the trouble and cost of government, and to lighten the people's taxes and other burdens, were to unite themselves, no one would contend that the common

agency—that is, the congress of commissioners and ambassadors charged with the duties of such general government—could by any possibility become sovereign over the said sovereigns. Equally false and absurd it is to say that the government of our country can have sovereign or controlling authority over the states that created it. Governmental sovereignty in a republic is a solecism. That cannot be sovereign which is subject to control and abolition. The government provided for in, is necessarily under and controlled by, the Constitution. And this instrument is necessarily subject to the commonwealths of people that made and ordained it as their law. It follows, of course, that the states are sovereign and the government is their subject. This relation having been once established, only treasonable revolution can change it.

UNCLE SAM TAUGHT DAVIS AND LEE SECESSION.

Andrew Johnson, Salmon Chase, Jefferson Davis, and Robert Lee were young men acquiring their political knowledge about the same time. They were taught that the states were (to use Hamilton's phrase) "the essential component parts" of the federal system; or, in other words, that there was no nation, but states; that they, as their parents had been, were citizens of states, and owed allegiance thereto; and that they were entirely subject to the will and coercive authority of their respective states. Moreover, they knew from history that the federal convention, at the instance of Madison and Hamilton, excluded the power to coerce states from the federal compact as an absurdity. And furthermore, the federal system had been in operation for about forty years, and yet state sovereignty and the included and essential right of secession were taken for granted. The only books in which they could study constitutional law laid down these doctrines as unquestionable. Said St. George Tucker, in his commentaries, published in 1802: "Each is still a perfect state, still sovereign, still independent, and still capable, should the occasion require, to resume the exercise of its functions as such, in the most unlimited extent." Said William Rawle, in his commentaries (see edition of 1829): "The states, then, may wholly withdraw from the Union; but while they continue they must retain the character of representative republics. The secession of a state from the Union depends on the will of the people of such state. The people alone, as we have already seen, hold the power to alter their Constitution." The above authors—one from the North and the other from the South—were among the ablest of the early American jurists, and their statement was taken as truth. It was an essential and indisputable truth, and not a mere opinion. And it will be shown fully hereafter that this right of secession was considered by the fathers unquestionable—too much so, indeed, for discussion. The above works were text-books at West Point when Davis and Lee were cadets there. Was it not rather wicked for Uncle Samuel to think of hanging his pupils for practising the precepts he specially taught them?

Thus it was that these four now distinguished personages were educated and impressed; and it is probable that the views of all of them remained unchanged during thirty years of their manhood till 1860—the great epoch of change. Before that they would have deemed it a monstrous idea that the federal government could lawfully hang them because the state irresistibly carried them out of the Union, and compelled them to defend her, while, at the same time, the state could have hung them if they had opposed her; and they could but believe that when the state repealed its ordinance of "ratification" it was no longer lawful for the citizens to obey the federal authorities, that ratification being the only cause of federal jurisdiction, and the power of repeal being by all law and common sense exactly commensurate with that of enactment. Would it not have been a horrible romance for two of these men, after passing to the evening of life in ardent devotion to these principles, to have had the power, and to have exercised it, of hanging the other two—also become old, and among the most distinguished men in the world—for honorable consistency to these same principles, and for obeying and defending their states, where were concentrated all the objects of a true heart's devotion—those objects which noble and brave souls are wont to prefer to all the rest of earth, and to defend even to the last drop of blood—neighbors, friends, kindred, birthplace, hearthstones and altars, and the "green graves of their sires"?

SUMMARY OF THE WEEK.

HOME AFFAIRS.

HESTER VAUGHAN has been pardoned.—A New York broker, Mr. Aiken, of the firm of Davis & Aiken, absconded on the 15th inst. with stocks, checks, and cash to the amount of \$119,000.—A clerk in the New York Corn Exchange Bank decamped on the 19th with \$25,000.—Mrs. Nancy B. Madan, of Dedham, Mass., charged with shooting her son-in-law, has been found guilty of murder in the first degree. She is 55 years old.—The late assistant postmaster at Cambridge, Md., has been acquitted of unlawfully opening and destroying letters.—A clerk of Harnden's Express Company, Baltimore, delivering a money package on the 19th, was gagged and robbed of \$16,000. A reward of \$2,500 is offered for the recovery of the money and the capture of the robbers.—George Dixon was arrested at Waterbury, Conn., on the 18th. He had been sentenced to twenty years' penal servitude in Trenton State Prison, but escaped during a fire, and for several months has worked as a carpenter. The capture was made in bed, and as he was a strong, athletic man he offered a desperate resistance.—Henry Hartung, a young boy, residing at Harrison, N. J., committed suicide on the 12th inst. by taking rat poison.—On the 28th ult., Mr. Alexander Lippmann, one of the city marshals of New York, was struck on the head with a billet of wood by a man named Jutty, and felled insensible to the pavement. He died on the 17th inst., and the post-mortem examination showed that the blow received was the cause of death. Jutty cannot be found.—In an altercation in Locoming County, Pa., over the division of money for some sold railroad ties, John Field struck George Matthews over the head with an axe, and similarly attacked the police constable who attempted to arrest him. Field fled into the woods, but was hotly pursued by a large gang of men.—A woman was lately accused before a police justice in Buffalo of removing flowers from the grave of her own husband, contrary to his relatives' wishes; she was discharged.—At Baltimore, James E. Riley, charged with the murder of Daniel Harrington, has been acquitted.—At Newman, near Atlanta, Ga., two youths, both belonging to respectable families, and one the son of the Hon. W. F. Wright, a gentleman of standing and position

quarrelled on the 16th as they left church about a base-ball game decision; and young Wright shot his companion dead.—Coroner Volkt, of Hudson City, N. J., committed a serious assault on a liquor-store keeper on the 17th.—Wallace McDaniels, a Scotchman, murdered Thomas Corwin at the Rosendale House, Morrisania, N. Y., on the 22d inst., by smashing in his skull with a club.

On the 17th the Farmer's Hotel at La Crosse, Wis., was burnt down; one man perished while attempting to save property.—The Excelsior Iron-works at Chicago, Ill., machinery alone valued at \$100,000, were destroyed by fire on the 19th.—A barn at the Mount Holyoke Female Seminary, South Hadley, Mass., was burnt down on the 21st. The young ladies of the seminary did good service in extinguishing the flames and saving the adjacent buildings.

At Mount Holly, on the 21st, a locomotive on the Mount Holly and Burlington Railroad exploded with a tremendous report. The engine was thrown from the track into the creek adjoining. The brakeman was blown to some distance into the air, and fell in a meadow, escaping with a broken arm and a few slight bruises, but the engineer, the conductor, and the fireman were terribly mangled, and died within a few hours after the explosion occurred.—Three children were buried at Cleveland on the 15th by the falling of a sand bank. The bodies were not recovered till twenty-eight hours after the accident.—An explosion of gas on the 15th nearly blew to pieces the old Chadwick mansion on Congress Street, Portland, Me., owned by Mr. J. P. Farrington.—Forty kegs of blasting-powder exploded at Kohl's quarries in Whitehall, near Allentown, Pa., on the 17th. The report was heard several miles away. One man, a German, was killed.

Talbot, who attempted to murder Miss Scribner, was buried at the Forest Hills Cemetery, Boston, on the 15th. The Boston Post says: "The countenance of the deceased resembled that of a person in sleep rather than in death. He was thoroughly beloved by all who knew him, and his end, as well as the tragedies which accompanied it, were as sad and melancholy in their character as they were foreign to his nature and life. Mr. Talbot was a Bostonian, and his relatives are among some of the most estimable of our citizens."

A riot broke out at Jefferson, New Orleans, on the 18th, in consequence of the citizens opposing the Metropolitan police from exercising their functions in Jefferson, which is included in the Metropolitan Police District. Twelve or fourteen policemen were wounded. The following morning a company of soldiers put the Metropolitan in peaceful possession of the municipal buildings. Considerable excitement still exists.

A singular wedding took place at Poughkeepsie on the 20th inst. The father of the bridegroom, a wealthy and respected citizen, was lying dead in the parlor, and the ceremony was performed amid breathless silence by the open coffin, with the face of the corpse uncovered. In explanation of his conduct the bridegroom insisted that the spirit of his father hovered about him, telling him to get married in this strange fashion.

Wall Street, New York, was excited on the 17th by the failure of Schepeler & Co., a prominent foreign house, for upward of eight millions of dollars. Several smaller firms were in consequence compelled to suspend payment and the price of gold went up rapidly.

The President has issued a proclamation declaring that no reduction must be made in the wages of government employees on account of the reduction of the hours of labor entailed by the Eight Hours bill.

Paducah, Ky., is exhibiting a *lusus naturæ* in the form of a four-legged child, pronounced by local medical authorities to be more singular than the Siamese twins.

A serious break has occurred in the levee above New Orleans, in the parish of Point Coupee. The attempt to repair the Villire crevasse, in St. Bernard parish, has been abandoned.

John W. Vannatta is on trial at Warsaw, Ind., charged with poisoning with arsenic the guests, fourteen or fifteen in number, who attended his wedding thirteen months ago. The charge is based upon Vannatta's confession in a letter to a young lady he has been carrying on a secret correspondence with since his marriage.

In a suit against the Pennsylvania Central Railroad Company the sum of \$10,660 was recovered for five trunks detained by the company, and accidentally destroyed in the fire at the Chicago depot.

Hon. J. Lothrop Motley, accompanied by his wife and three daughters, and by General Badeau, sailed for England on the 19th in the steamship *Cuba*.

A brilliant meteor was visible in New York a few minutes after 11 o'clock on the night of the 20th.

Indian skirmishes and depredations in Arizona and adjoining territories are still numerous.

The first through passenger train on the Pacific Railroad arrived at Omaha from Sacramento, on the 16th.

The strike is at an end in the Pennsylvania mining regions.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

REVERDY JOHNSON has declined the invitation to the Southampton banquet before sailing for the United States.—The Archbishop of Cashel, in a pastoral, regrets the recent outrages in the South of Ireland, but denies the existence of an agrarian conspiracy.—A riot broke out in Tralee on the 18th, between two mobs. The police had to use their fire-arms, and several persons were wounded and one rioter killed.—The Grand Lodge of Orangemen of Ireland have petitioned the Queen against the disestablishment of the Irish Church. A general outbreak is expected, and unusual precautions are being taken to prevent it.—The Oxford crew have begun to practice for their contest with Harvard. The London Rowing Club have challenged Harvard.—Mr. Hegarty was elected mayor of Cork on the 21st, in place of Mr. O'Sullivan, resigned, who was assaulted by the mob for supporting the election of his successor.—The Rev. Alexander Dyce, B.A., the eminent Shakespearean commentator, died on the 20th, aged 71 years.—The new duplicate land line between London and Valencia being now complete, one of the Atlantic cables will be used exclusively for receiving and the other for sending despatches. By this arrangement it is expected that communication between London and New York will be almost instantaneous.—The excitement on the *Alabama* question is still great; and

the tone of the press indicates that the demands shadowed forth by Mr. Sumner would, if pressed, be unanimously resisted by the nation.—A large meeting of 200,000 people met in Belfast on the 22d, to protest against the disestablishment of the Irish Church.

The recent battle at Las Menas is now declared to have been only a skirmish. Both Spanish and native troops are reported to be suffering much from fever. A Washington rumor states that several hundred men, mostly ex-Confederate and Northern soldiers, armed with Spencer rifles, are in camp in New Orleans, preparatory to going to Cuba. Havana papers publish a proclamation of Cespedes, said to be authentic, ordering all volunteers captured to be shot, the property of the enemies of the republic to be confiscated, no neutrality to be recognized, and all persons, irrespective of sex, voluntarily aiding the Spanish government, to be executed. The *Gaceta* of the 21st contains decrees of confiscation by the government, including property belonging to nineteen ladies. A body of three hundred filibusters is reported to have landed near Gilbara, and to have had an obstinate fight with the Spanish troops. Fighting is reported near Trinidad and Cienfuegos, with heavy losses and appalling atrocities on both sides.—The tonnage dues on all American vessels entering Cuban ports is in future to be the same as on Spanish vessels.—The successful landing of 700 filibusters is reported, both officially and through private sources. A small body of Spanish troops had a skirmish with them, but was compelled to retire.

The French elections are causing considerable excitement throughout the country, but are progressing in an orderly manner. The government party claims a majority of 103 in a total of 283.—The *Grand Prix de Paris*, the French Derby, was won by Count F. de Lagrange's ch. c. *Consul*.—Gen. Dix took his leave of the Emperor on the 23d. Mr. Washburne, on presenting his credentials, said he had been authorized to express the hearty wishes of the President of the United States for the happiness and health of his Majesty and for the prosperity of France, and the earnest desire of the government and people of the United States to maintain and cultivate amicable relations with France, and to uphold and perpetuate the traditional friendship of the two countries.—A Chinese official in Peking has, it is reported, slapped the French ambassador in the face, and had the flag over the French Legation hauled down. The treaty between France and China will shortly be concluded.

The Spanish Cortes have unanimously agreed to the article of the constitution declaring that the sovereignty is essentially in the nation, from which all power emanates; another article, declaring that "the form of government of the Spanish nation is the monarchy," also passed by a large majority.—There is much agitation in Barcelona and Saragossa in favor of a republic.—It is rumored that Prince Augustus of Portugal will be put forward as a candidate for the Spanish throne and that he will marry a daughter of the Duke of Montpensier.

Victoria, Australia, is suffering from severe drought and great mortality among the sheep, the air in some districts being tainted for miles by the decomposing carcasses.—Small-pox is prevalent in Melbourne.—The authorities of New Zealand have offered rewards for the bodies of the leaders of the late rebellion, dead or alive.

A bill to incorporate a company to lay telegraph wires from Montreal to England, *via* Greenland, Iceland, and Faroe Islands, has been adopted by the committee on railways and telegraphs in the Canadian legislature.—A large flour mill in Mitchell was burnt down on the 19th; loss \$100,000.—The Royal Canadian Bank has suspended payment, but hopes are entertained that it will shortly resume business. The assets are sufficient when realized to more than cover the liabilities.

The death of Palacios is confirmed.—Mexican papers are filled with reports of crime.—General Alvarez is at the head of a new insurrection in Queretaro. —The Apache Indians are making terrible inroads on the frontier states.

The rejection of the treaty for the sale of St. Thomas causes much irritation at Copenhagen.

REVIEWS.

All books designed for review in the ROUND TABLE must be sent to this office.

ST. PAUL.*

NEXT to that of the Divine Teacher himself, the character of St. Paul, the great apostle to the Gentiles, is the finest portrait in the New Testament. Like the old Tishbite, whom in many particulars he so strikingly resembles, he bursts suddenly upon the page of sacred history on no less important an occasion than the dramatic end of the proto-martyr Stephen. The part he took in this event is thus recorded by St. Luke, who, if not an eye-witness of the scene, obtained his information direct from the apostle: "And the witnesses laid down their clothes at a young man's feet whose name was Saul." And in his noble appeal to his fellow-countrymen from the stairs of the Tower of Antonia Paul himself says: "When the blood of the martyr Stephen was shed, I also was standing by, and consenting unto his death, and kept the raiment of them that slew him." This seems to have been the first overt act in that bitter persecution which then befell the early Church, and in which Saul, "breathing out threatenings and slaughters" against the followers of the despised Galilean, took the most active part. Brought up after the strictest sect of his fathers, a Pharisee of the Pharisees, and animated by a burning zeal which characterized the whole of his eventful life, he was, to use his own words, "exceedingly mad" against the Christians, persecuting them unto death, binding and delivering into prison both men and women, and when they were put to death giving his voice against them. He was zealously affected, but not in a good cause; his earnestness and ardor were not according to knowledge, and to the fact that what he did he did ignorantly he afterward attributed the mercy he experienced in his conversion and subsequent promotion to the apostleship. Not content with his fanatical labors in Jerusalem, Saul, armed with authority from the chief priests of that city, harassed the "saints" even in strange cities. One of these journeys was to Damascus, the capital of Syria, and a place of great prominence and importance. It was near midday. Saul

* *The Life and Epistles of St. Paul.* By the Rev. W. J. Conybeare, M.A., late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge; and the Rev. J. S. Howson, M.A., Principal of the Collegiate Institution, Liverpool. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1869.

and his companions were near their journey's end, when a great light above the brightness of the sun, then shining in meridian splendor, burst over the party, and they all fell to the earth in amazement and confusion. Then a voice, heard but not understood by his companions, fell with startling distinctness upon the ears of the prostrate persecutor, and changed his whole after career as suddenly and completely as the same divine accents had converted the water into wine at the marriage feast in Cana. The vision over, Saul rose from the earth, was led by the hand into the city, where he remained for three days in physical and spiritual darkness, and then received his eyesight by the laying on of the hands of Ananias, sent to baptize and comfort him. With his customary energy he at once began preaching in the synagogues the divinity of Christ, greatly to the astonishment of the Jews, who were no match for the learned and fiery convert. He excited their fury to so high a pitch that they attempted to kill him, and he was obliged to leave the city. He fled into Arabia, why or for what length of time is not exactly known, though "three years" is the term usually given to the interval which elapsed before we again find him boldly preaching in Damascus. The Jews again tried to kill him, and he only escaped by being let down over the city walls from a window in a basket. He made his way, probably alone, to Jerusalem, and essayed to join himself to the disciples, who, however, all shunned him, till Barnabas, the son of consolation and a generous benefactor to the poor, introduced him to the apostles. The two men were probably acquainted before; but this act was the beginning of a warm friendship between them, which lasted through many vicissitudes, and the friends were inseparable till they quarrelled at Antioch about taking with them John Mark on one of their preaching tours. Saul's preaching in Jerusalem especially excited the anger of the Hellenes, who "went about to slay him," but he flinched not from the danger until he received a divine intimation to leave the city. After spending a fortnight with Peter he was escorted by the brethren to Cesarea, and then sent to Tarsus, his native city. The place of his childhood is thus described:

"Though a cloud rests upon the actual year of St. Paul's birth, and the circumstances of his father's household must be left to imagination, we have the great satisfaction of knowing the exact features of the scenery in the midst of which his childhood was spent. The plain, the mountain, the river, and the sea still remain to us. The rich harvests of corn still grow luxuriantly after the rains in spring. The same tents of goats' hair are still seen covering the plains in the busy harvest. There is the same solitude and silence in the intolerable heat and dust of the summer. Then, as now, the mothers and children of Tarsus went out in the cool evenings and looked from the gardens round the city, or from their terraced roofs, upon the heights of Taurus. The same sunset lingered over the pointed summits. The same shadows gathered in the deep ravines. The river Cydnus has suffered some changes in the course of eighteen hundred years. Instead of rushing as in the time of Xenophon, like the Rhone at Geneva, in a stream of two hundred feet broad through the city, it now flows idly past it on the east. The Channel, which floated the ships of Antony and Cleopatra, is now filled up; and wide, unhealthy lagoons occupy the place of the ancient docks. But its upper waters still flow, as formerly, cold and clear from the snows of Taurus, and its waterfalls still break over the same rocks, when the snows are melting, like the Rhine at Schaffhausen."

Here Saul remained till he and Barnabas received their especial commission to preach to the Gentiles, but nothing is known of his labors beyond the part he took in taking the charitable contributions of the Christians in Antioch during the second persecution of the little Church, when James the brother of John was beheaded, and Peter narrowly escaped a similar fate. Now the two missionaries sailed to Cyprus, the home of Barnabas. At Paphos, Sergius Paulus, the proconsul of the island, was converted, and Bar-jesus, the Jewish sorcerer, struck blind. The name of Saul was now changed, and ever afterwards he bore the appellation of Paul. Thence they passed into the mainland of Asia Minor, where they were persecuted by the Jews in various cities, healed a cripple at Lystra, where they with difficulty prevented the people from worshipping them as gods, and where Paul probably first met with Timothy, and finally returned to Antioch.

After a short visit to Jerusalem, to take part in the great debate on circumcision, Paul set out on his second apostolic journey, taking with him Silas, as Barnabas and he had quarrelled. This journey is remarkable as being the first occasion on which Christianity was preached in Europe. "A vision appeared to Paul in the night; there stood a man of Macedonia, and prayed him, saying: Come over into Macedonia and help us." Paul passed over to Neapolis, thence to Philippi, where Lydia, the Thyatiran purple seller, was converted, and the two preachers cast into prison on account of the uproar that ensued upon Paul exorcising a spirit of divination in a possessed damsel. At midnight they sang praises, when an earthquake shook the prison wall, burst open the doors, and loosened the prisoners' bonds, and the alarmed jailer was added to the faith. Released on the morrow, Paul and his fellow-traveller passed through Thessalonica, and reached Athens. Here he disputed with the Epicureans, Stoics, and other philosophers, and preached his famous sermon on Mars Hill. Leaving the Greek capital, they journeyed to Corinth, where they dwelt many months, and finally sailed for Jerusalem, calling on the way at Ephesus and Cesarea. After saluting the church there, he once more reached Antioch. Here he rested for a short period and then departed on his third journey. At Ephesus he stayed two years, preaching with great success until Demetrius and the silversmiths excited against him the anger of the populace, who thought the worship of the goddess Diana was in danger, and the apostle a second time crossed over into Macedonia. After a residence of three months, during which he visited the churches founded on his first journey, he returned to Asia, passing through Troas, where he raised Eutychus to life, and delivering a most affecting farewell address at Miletus to the elders of Ephesus. At Cesarea, Agabus foretold his imprisonment at Jerusalem, but, nothing daunted, he determined to go thither, declaring his readiness "not only to be bound but also to die . . . for the name of the Lord Jesus." His presence in the metropolis speedily caused a riot, in which he would have been torn to pieces by the mob had not the chief captain, Lysias, rescued him. A conspiracy was formed to kill him, and Paul was sent by night to Cesarea to insure his safety. Thither his Jewish accusers followed him; Paul was formally arraigned before Felix, and for two years remained a prisoner in Cesarea. On the appointment of Festus to the command of the province, he was again brought before the court; but having appealed to Cesar on the ground of his being a Roman citizen, Festus determined to send him to Rome. Before sailing he was permitted to plead his cause before King Agrippa, who was almost persuaded by his manly eloquence to become a Christian. The voyage was attended with much danger; for two weeks the vessel was driven up and down Adria, and finally thrown upon the island of Melita, now Malta. The inhabitants received the shipwrecked mariners with great kindness. The weather was cold and wet, so they made a fire and otherwise ministered to their comfort:

"The whole scene is brought very vividly before us in the sacred narrative. One incident has become a picture in St. Paul's life with which every Christian child is familiar. The apostle had gathered with his own

hands a heap of sticks and placed them on the fire, when a viper 'came out of the heat' and fastened on his hand. The poor superstitious people when they saw this said one to another, 'This man must be a murderer; he has escaped from the sea, but still vengeance suffers him not to live.' But Paul threw off the animal into the fire and suffered no harm. Then they watched him, expecting his body would become swollen, or that he would suddenly fall down dead. At length, after they had watched a long time in vain and saw nothing happen to him, their feelings changed as violently as those of the Lystrians had done in an opposite direction; and they said that he was a god."

Here, too, Paul performed several miracles, and, after a detention of three months, sailed again, in an Alexandrian corn ship, which had called at the island, landed at Puteoli, and proceeded for the rest of the journey on land. The Jewish Christians of Rome came out to meet him, and on arriving at the great city he was allowed to live on parole in his own hired house, preaching and teaching with all confidence, no man forbidding.

With the exception of a few scattered fragments throughout his epistles, the Scriptural account of the life of the great evangelist here ends. His subsequent history is not known with much certainty. His trial before the Emperor ended in his liberation, when he is supposed to have visited Macedonia and Asia Minor, and paid his long meditated visit to Spain. From Spain he went to Ephesus, visited Crete and Macedonia once more, returned to Rome by way of Corinth, and suffered martyrdom under the bloodthirsty Nero:

"The privileges of Roman citizenship exempted St. Paul from the ignominious death of lingering torture, which had been lately inflicted on so many of his brethren. He was to die by decapitation; and he was led out to execution beyond the city walls upon the road to Ostia, the Port of Rome. . . . As the martyr and his executioners passed on, their way was crowded with a motley multitude of goers and comers between the metropolis and its harbor. Merchants hastening to superintend the unloading of their cargoes; sailors eager to squander the profits of their last voyage in the dissipation of the capital; officials of the government, charged with the administration of the provinces, or the command of the legions on the Euphrates or the Rhine; Chaldean astrologers; Phrygian eunuchs; dancing-girls from Syria, with their painted turbans; mendicant priests from Egypt, howling for Osiris; Greek adventurers, eager to coin their national cunning into Roman gold; representatives of the avarice and ambition, the fraud and lust, the superstition and intelligence of the imperial world. Through the dust and tumult of that busy throng the small troop of soldiers threaded their way silently, under the bright sky of an Italian midsummer. They were marching, though they knew it not, in a procession more triumphant than any they had ever followed in the train of general or emperor, along the Sacred Way. Their prisoner, now at last and for ever delivered from his captivity, rejoiced to follow his Lord 'without the gate.' The place of execution was not far distant; and there the sword of the headman ended his long course of sufferings, and released that heroic soul from that feeble body. Weeping friends took up his corpse and carried it for burial to those subterranean labyrinths where, through many ages of oppression, the persecuted Church found refuge for the living and sepulchre for the dead."

"Thus died the Apostle, the Prophet, and the Martyr; bequeathing to the Church, in her government and her discipline, the legacy of his apostolic labors; leaving his Prophetic words to be her living oracles; pouring forth his blood to be the seed of a thousand Martyrdoms. Thenceforth among the glorious company of the Apostles, among the goodly fellowship of the Prophets, among the noble army of Martyrs, his name has stood pre-eminent. And wherever the holy Church throughout all the world doth acknowledge God, there Paul of Tarsus is revered as the great teacher of a universal redemption and a catholic religion—the herald of glad tidings to all mankind."

The life of the apostle is given in this volume with much minuteness and fullness. Every incident in his career, every place he visited, forms the theme for a long dissertation. Damascus, Antioch, Puteoli, Rome, Athens, Corinth, Jerusalem, Malta, Asia Minor, ancient navigation, travelling on land, and local and national peculiarities of the times and people in which he lived and moved, are vividly photographed. The authors are continually darting off from the main thread of the story to seize and depict some incidental occurrence; and though this treatment enables them to say much that we are glad to learn, it rather detracts from the simplicity and continuity of the biographic sketch of the Cilician preacher. But Paul's personal qualities are never lost sight of. His boundless generosity, his fearless independence, his irresistible impetuosity, his fervid patriotism, his intense earnestness, his deep humility, his glowing love, his unwavering faith, his unquenchable zeal, are all displayed in the stirring and important events which make up his checkered career.

The style is generally diffuse, often tame and monotonous, but occasionally flashes into life and energy; and many of the sketches of historic localities are models of descriptive writing. The research embodied in the work is great, and maps and engravings are freely used. As a faithful and exhaustive portraiture of the great Apostle to the Gentiles it has already taken its place as an acknowledged authority, and will retain that position for many years to come. We should have been glad if this edition had been carefully revised, especially in all that relates to the Holy City, by the light that has been shed upon several portions of its contents by discoveries made since the original publication of the work; and, among other points, we think the title of the book is open to improvement. The Rev. J. S. Howson is no longer principal of the Collegiate Institution, Liverpool, but for nearly two years has filled the more important position of Dean of Chester.

TRANSATLANTIC PHOTOGRAPHS.*

IT has been said of Massillon that he was too eloquent a preacher to write well. As regards the French divine, the criticism may be just, but we claim for the author of the present work that he is not only a fervent and eloquent preacher, but that he does write well, albeit that the writings of which we have now to speak have nothing to do with sermons, but consist of letters addressed to his congregation by an esteemed and well-beloved pastor during two years of foreign travel. A man of refined taste and nice discrimination, familiar with what is most sublime in nature, and contemplating it with that full enjoyment which is possible only to the instructed, Dr. Bellows is at the same time a sincere admirer of art; a close student, preferring accuracy and solidity to brilliancy and effect, his love of truth leads him to become practical in his views, without, however, impairing his natural enthusiasm; and while he moralizes on the various characteristics of men and nations, he displays sound judgment and a degree of catholicity and impartiality rare among churchmen. The ground he has traversed, extensive though it be, is well known to us; it therefore requires no small amount of talent to make further description interesting. But our author understands what travel demands; he has much to say, and says it in the most agreeable manner, varying his records with brief reviews of the political condition of foreign countries, with sketches of prominent men, and short disquisitions on religious topics. With a keen sense of humor, Dr. Bellows never permits himself to become sarcastic, but, noting the errors and weaknesses of mankind in a benevolent rather than in a critical spirit, he praises without exaggeration, and blames—where blame is inevitable—with mild reprobation. In his writings there is none of the *nil admirari* so common in conceited and less cultivated travellers. Our author does not disdain to express hearty admiration for what seems to him to

* *The Old World in its New Face* By Henry W. Bellows. In two volumes. New York: Harper & Brothers.

be good; and he possesses the happy faculty of keeping the reader in sympathy with him, of making him see the external features and marvels of the Old World through his own eyes, and leading him to accept opinions which are never tinged with cynicism. "Discretion of speech is more than eloquence," says Bacon, and Dr. Bellows has especially verified this in treating of the religious questions which are appropriately touched upon in the letters from Rome, England, and France. Leaving New York for Paris, Dr. Bellows arrived there in time to see the great "Exposition," and to be present at the *fêtes* given to the crowned heads on the occasion. In writing of this brilliant capital he treats principally of its moral and political aspects, the city itself having been so fully described by other travellers; but he devotes some very interesting pages to the schools and charitable institutions, with the conduct of which he seems to be much pleased. After a high tribute to the skill and industry of France, he says:

"She has made her capital the pleasure-ground of the civilized human race. The superfluous wealth of all countries sets toward her beautiful boulevards. A perpetual stream of gold obeys the superlative attraction of her exquisite civilization, and flows steadily into her unreturning hands. She visits no other country, but entertains all. And she is entitled to her privilege; for it is difficult to believe that the world has ever seen in any period of its history a city so deserving of wonder and admiration as the city of Paris. Of the strength of the existing government there can be little doubt. Louis Napoleon has known how to surround himself with able administrators, and has devoted himself to the glory of France. His character does not inspire moral enthusiasm nor personal respect, but it does awaken the sentiment of admiration for ability, courage, persistency, and power."

From France Dr. Bellows went to Holland, and thence to Prussia. With Dusseldorf especially he seems to be much pleased. While enjoying the pleasure and relaxation of foreign travel he is mindful to observe what seems to be good in the most trifling matters of manners and conduct among the people of other countries, and to consider how the same rules of life may be adopted with advantage at home. From this quaint little Prussian town he writes:

"As I looked upon the cheerfulness and moderation, the cordial intercourse, the absence of carking cares, or of haste and self-condemnation in this German tea-garden, I felt that Germany understood social life far better than any portion of America. As to the attempt to abolish drunkenness in America by a general assault upon the use of all things that can intoxicate, it is well meant, and has its excellent effect. But it is greatly to be feared that it is not enough in accordance with natural laws to be a permanent influence. We must improve family life, and especially must we cultivate the participation of men and women, old and young, in common pleasures, before we can hope to exorcise the demon of excess and sensuality from American society."

An instructive chapter on art and a pleasant sketch of Kaulbach are suggested by a visit to Munich, whence our traveller proceeded to Salzburg, there to be at once delighted and astonished at the marvellous beauty of the scenery and surroundings, which in a manner prepared him for the majestic views and endless variety of Switzerland. Here we would willingly linger with him; but much ground has yet to be traversed, and we must leave our readers to learn from the book all about Zurich, and the ascent of Rigi, and Lucerne, the fairest queen of lakes, and the Jungfrau, and the Alps, which, as the writer truly says, are a world in themselves. At Geneva the Peace Congress held its convention, of which Dr. Bellows states his opinions, objecting to the measures they would bring about, on religious and moral grounds, and drawing a sad picture of the disastrous consequences which would attend the rule of money-worshipping, materialistic peace. Next we come to the Matterhorn, the scene of so much misdirected enterprise and its fatal consequences; thence again to Geneva and on to Strasburg, famous for its cathedral with the highest spire in the world. At Berlin the writer arrived in time to see the parliament dissolved by the King in person. Beside him stood Bismarck, "power, prudence, self-possession, capacity, success stamped upon his features and bearing." Dr. Bellows describes with interesting minuteness the government, the court, society, art, and, in short, everything worthy of note in Berlin. From Bismarck's jackboots and spurs, and the Prince of Prussia's whiskers, to the great halls of legislation, the famous Royal Library, the Jewish synagogues, and the ancient palace at Potsdam, where the old satin chairs, clawed to tatters by the dogs of the great Frederick, are still preserved with careful veneration, and near which the ashes of this great eccentric hero now repose—everything is portrayed with an attention to detail which never fatigues, and accompanied by criticisms and reflections which are never commonplace. With a kind word of remembrance to Theodore S. Fay, who well deserves the graceful tribute of his friend, the traveller passed on to the "Protestant Mecca," Wittenberg, where rest the ashes of Luther and Melancthon, "united in their lives and not divided in their death." Useful information and appropriate reflections on the social and political position of Saxony bring us to Dresden, or rather to the most important portion of the capital—her galleries. Gladly would we linger beside some of the masterpieces of Raphael and other of the world's greatest artists, under the guidance of one who writes about them with such clearness and discrimination; but, like himself, we have a long journey to perform, and therefore pass on to Vienna, and thence to Miramar, the former residence of the ill-fated Maximilian and his beautiful, soul-stricken wife. From Trieste of course the traveller proceeded to Venice. Few subjects of greater interest can be offered to the contemplation of a cultivated and philosophic mind than the long-continued grandeur and subsequent fall of this celebrated republic, whose origin dated from before the commencement of modern history and whose extinction has been numbered among the striking political events of our own times. The existence of Venice may be traced in the obscurity which veiled the settlement of northern Italy. For thirteen hundred years she witnessed in security the rise and fall of nations and the change of dynasties; the trophies of Grecian art were transplanted to adorn her Place of St. Mark; her doges asserted their exclusive right to the navigation and sovereignty of the Adriatic; and she once formed the maritime bulwark of Christendom against the hostility of the Turk. Her decline began with the close of the sixteenth century, and this "common link between two periods of civilization" became gradually reduced to a passive existence until she fell from her high place in history. Picturesque, romantic, and grand even in her decay, Dr. Bellows writes of her:

"What swans are among fowls Venice is among cities—white, graceful, web-footed, melancholy, lonely, princely. The sunsets are pictures, the pictures sunsets! The very sails look like painters' pallets. The churches burn and bluish with gold and *rosso antico*, or copy the sea in malachite and the sky in lapis lazuli. The East seems to stretch the fringe of its black and orange shawl as far west as this half-Turkish city. And here Shakespeare, and Titian, and Michael Angelo, and Palladio, and Dante, and Tintoretto, and Paul Veronese fill the air with their universal genius, and seem present existences. The love and homage of all cultivated minds make it populous even in its deserted days. No streets are so often threaded by recollections as its canals. Those who come here never leave it, for it lives in them wherever they go, the city 'of imagination all compact,' substantial even in dreams, and omnipresent like the sea on which it sits and which shouts its name on every shore it beats."

From Venice we are conducted to Padua, famous for its great university, and for being for a time the home of Galileo, as well as of the learned Elena Piscopia, who wrote mathematical and astronomical dissertations, and established her

right to the honorable degree of doctor conferred upon her by the university, by proving herself to be qualified to sustain it. She spoke Hebrew, Arabic, Greek, Latin, Spanish, and French.

The Roman question occupies a chapter which merits serious consideration, which must be read with care, and from which, in justice, we forbear to make any extracts. It is instructive clearly to understand the position taken upon such questions by one whose opinions are so eminently worthy of respect. Passing through Naples, where, of course, the ascent of Vesuvius was made, Dr. Bellows proceeded to Messina, and thence to Egypt, where first among the objects of interest the Pyramids claimed his attention. Those who have looked upon these, the mightiest monuments of pride and power ever raised by the hand of man, must have received impressions beyond the writer's power to convey to others, or even to define to himself. After a lengthy and most interesting description of Karnak, we find the following:

"The Egyptians aimed at a monotonous grandeur, and by the repetition and accumulation of masses, each one of which was a miracle of labor and costliness, attained to a kind of sublimity which has almost the influence of the infinite, or at least of an irresistible fate. The natural features of Egypt suggested and favored this kind of art. The only fluid thing in Egypt was the Nile, and that had none of the caprices of ordinary streams. It rose and fell periodically, and with a regularity and power wholly uncontrollable! A cloudless sky made all seasons essentially the same, and must have given a sense of stability to their ideas of the divine government which people who live amid ever-varying seasons and ever-changing skies do not naturally attain."

As we approach the Holy Land the interest increases; the descriptions are, if possible, more finished, and the reflections bold but deeply reverent; the topics are varied, and more or less of poetical feeling is displayed in alluding to subjects of present or past importance. This may in part be accounted for by the feelings of awe and veneration which the place is calculated to inspire in the breast of one who approaches this hallowed ground with a truly religious feeling. Jerusalem, Bethlehem, Jordan, the plains of Jericho, the ancient Bethel, the Well of Samaria, awaken the holiest memories. Passing from Tabor to Tiberias, Dr. Bellows says:

"We had caught a glimpse of the sea of Galilee from Mount Tabor, but our eyes and hearts hungered for a clear full view of that sacred and immortal lake. Jerusalem itself had not the attraction for us of this holy spot, and was approached with far less sensibility. It was with hearts too full for much speech, and with eyes too moist for clear vision, that, just on the brink of the ridge that suddenly drops down to the plain of Genesareth, we caught the placid face of the Sea of Galilee, gentle clouds floating high above it, a double rainbow spanning the centre of the lake, and the sunset gilding in spots, where the clouds opened, the green but ridgy sides of the mountains that come down steeply to the water's edge on the eastern shore. . . . But what was Tiberias to us, in the presence of that beautiful sea whose waters had reflected the form and echoed the voice of the Master, whose mountains had caught His prayers and sighs, and been wet with His tears. The air seemed full of the precepts of Him who spake as never man spake, and every feature of the landscape seemed to say, the holy eyes of Jesus have rested where your eyes are resting now."

Passing through Damascus, where the writer had a most interesting interview with Abd-el-Kader, he next visited Beyrout, the Isle of Cyprus, Rhodes, Smyrna, and Constantinople, after which he proceeded to that portion of the globe so interesting to the scholar, the artist, and the antiquary, which by reviving ancient associations exerts an influence over the eye and mind of the traveller, without, however, rendering him unconscious of the existence of the present inhabitants of Greece, or indifferent to their condition. It is impossible to stand without sad emotion amidst the ruins of Athens, and to see the beautiful temples where the sons of genius and heroism had assembled lying in fragments; forms which seemed to breathe in marble shattered by the hand of time and ignorance; the ports whence had issued triumphant navies deserted; the tombs of those who were contemporary with these achievements laid open to satisfy the curiosity of the casual traveller. But we must—most unwillingly—leave Dr. Bellows to pursue his journey, and recommend our readers to follow him farther than our limits will admit.

LIBRARY TABLE.

THE OLD TESTAMENT HISTORY, from the Creation to the Return of the Jews from Captivity. Edited by William Smith, LL.D. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1869.—This volume of the *Student's Histories* is unquestionably one of the best Scripture histories we have. The style is simple, terse, and vigorous; the latest biblical researches are embodied, and much useful information is given touching subjects not strictly historical. Maps and wood-cuts are also freely introduced, and the volume possesses more than ordinary value. Here is a vivid picture of the defeat and death of Sisera, the mighty captain of Jabin:

"Sisera advanced from Harosheth to the great plain of Esdraelon or Jezreel, which is drained by the river Kishon. He took up his position on the south-west corner of the plain, near Taanach by the waters of Megiddo, which were numerous rivulets flowing into the Kishon. Barak marched down from his camp on Mount Tabor with his 10,000 men."

"It was at this critical moment that (as we learn from Josephus and, indirectly, from the song of Deborah) a tremendous storm of sleet and hail gathered from the east and burst over the plain, driving full in the face of the advancing Canaanites. 'The stars in their courses fought against Sisera.' The rain descended, the four rivulets of Megiddo were swelled into powerful streams, the torrent of the Kishon rose into a flood, the plain became a morass. The chariots and the horses, which should have gained the day for the Canaanites, turned against them. They became entangled in the swamp; the torrent of Kishon—the torrent famous through former ages—swept them away in its furious eddies; and in that wild confusion 'the strength' of the Canaanites 'was trodden down,' and the 'horse-hoofs stamped and struggled by the means of the plungings and plungings of the mighty chiefs' in the quaking morass and the rising streams. Far and wide the vast army fled, far through the eastern branch of the plain by Endor. There, between Tabor and the Little Hermon, a carnage took place long remembered, in which the corpses lay fattening the ground."

This account, taken principally from Stanley's *Jewish Church*, is finely sketched, and the after incidents of the battle are depicted with equal beauty and vigor. Deborah's song of victory, one of the earliest, is also one of the finest specimens of sacred martial poetry, only inferior in power and sublimity to that magnificent strain which closes the short book of Habakkuk. David's tender and touching elegy over Israel's first king, slain in the disastrous battle of Gilboa, is thus analyzed:

Finally he took his harp and poured forth a lamentation over Saul and Jonathan, which is the finest as well as the most ancient of all dirges. Under the title of "*The Bow*," the favorite weapon of Jonathan, it was recorded in "*The Book of Jasher*," and taught as a standing lesson to the children of Judah. Its spirit is alike worthy of the poet and of the objects of his eulogy. A less generous heart, and one less devoted to duty, might have been content with the tribute of affection to his friend Jonathan, and have left the memory of his unjust master to perish in silence. But David was not so insensible to Saul's better qualities, to his old affection, and to the claim of the king of Israel to be celebrated in death by the same harp that had soothed his tortured mind while he lived. And so the poem has verified to every succeeding age its own most beautiful and touching words:

"Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant in their lives,
And in their death they were not divided."

Together they are celebrated as "swifter than eagles, and stronger than lions," and equal prowess is ascribed to the bow of Jonathan and to the sword of Saul. The mourner depicts the joy of the Philistines over "the mighty who were fallen" in strains, which have ever since been proverbial:

"Tell it not in Gath,
Publish it not in the streets of Askelon;
Lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice,
Lest the daughters of the uncircumcised triumph."
Nature is called to sympathize with the sorrow of Israel by devoting the scene of the disaster to a curse:
"Ye mountains of Gilboa, let there be no dew,
Neither rain upon you, nor fields of offerings:
For there the shield of the mighty is vilely cast away,
The shield of Saul, as though he had not been anointed with oil."
Each of the fallen receives his special tribute. Saul is likened to
"The gazelle of Israel, slain upon the high places;"
and the daughters of Israel who once celebrated the slayer of his thousands are called to weep for him
"Who clothed them in scarlet, with other delights;
Who put ornaments of gold on their apparel."
But the grand outburst of love and grief is reserved for Jonathan:
"O Jonathan, thou wast slain in thy high places.
I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan:
Very pleasant hast thou been unto me:
Thy love to me was wonderful,
Passing the love of women."

These extracts will suffice to show that this is not a mere dry, barren record of historical facts, but a book of life and power, often as readable as a romance. The chief fault we have to find with it is that the history of the Jews, from the time of Rehoboam downwards, is treated with less fulness than we could wish, or than its importance deserved; and we think, too, that a history of the Old Testament cannot be considered as complete without some account of the apocryphal books, which, though not received by the Church as inspired, yet form part of the Old Testament, and throw considerable light on Jewish history between the return from the Babylonish captivity and the epoch of the New Testament.

No Sects in Heaven, and Other Poems. By Mrs. E. H. J. Cleaveland. New York: Clark & Maynard. 1869.—In an appreciative and ungrammatical introduction the publishers of this little volume assure us that "the first of the following poems, and which gives title to the book, written by an American lady, has been published in various forms, and more than a hundred thousand copies have been sold in England." This artful appeal to the reader's patriotism has not been without effect in influencing our critical estimate of Mrs. Cleaveland's book. A just national pride forbids us to say aught disparaging of a poem which, although written by an American lady, could still attain a circulation of a hundred thousand copies in England; and the lustre of that first noble and fortunate production is reflected over the other less happy, though perhaps equally meritorious, poems. To be sure they do not evince to the same degree that "rare poetical beauty," scarcely even "the sweet charity, which it so fully expresses;" one looks through them in vain for "the delightful spirit breathing in every line—happily so consonant with the tendencies of the present day," which, "as well as its great poetical merit, have created a demand for it [the first, etc.] in a more permanent and beautiful form than any in which it has heretofore appeared." But to know that they are "by the same gifted author, and which have also been highly praised," is to know enough; and we do not doubt that on these, too, England will set the final seal of approbation, giving us therein fresh cause for patriotic triumph and rejoicing by purchasing at least two hundred thousand copies. Surer than all Mr. Johnson's blarney or Mr. Sumner's bluster to promote friendship between the two countries would be this genial interchange of praise and poetry. No American could dream of going to war with a nation that so testifies its appreciation of poetry written by an American lady, and if the two hundred thousand copies are properly paid for here is a graceful offset to the *Alabama* claims at once. As we have said, we have nothing but praise for the writings of a lady who has won us such distinction, and we prefer to believe that what a carping and disloyal critic might call occasional slips of syntax and prosody are really intentional errors, meant, like the patch on a lovely cheek, to relieve and set off the beauty it blemishes only to adorn. When, for example, we read this stanza of the first poem:

"But the aged father did not mind,
And his long gown floated out behind,
As down to the stream his way he took,
His hands firm hold of the gilt-edged book,"

the construction of the last line might puzzle us did not we forget it in the rare poetical beauty and delightful spirit breathing in the preceding lines. In the stanza which tells how

"Next come Dr. Watts with a bundle of psalms
Tied nicely up in his aged arms,
And hymns as many—a very wise thing,
That the people in heaven 'all round' might sing,"

we may doubt the propriety of making "psalms" rhyme with "arms," but no one can doubt the sweet charity of supposing even Dr. Watts capable of trying to take his hymns to heaven, that "the people all round might sing." Besides, even the rhyme may be only an evidence of that originality which Mrs. Cleaveland elsewhere more strikingly displays. "For ever" and "together," "Lord" and "God" (perhaps the evangelical pronunciation is "Gord"), "scorning" and "dawning," "morn" and "gone," "dome" and "gone," "morn" and "along"—these are rhyme combinations which we may venture to assert not the greatest masters of metrical harmony would have thought of using. Not only in her notions of rhyme but in her views of syntax and choice of epithets alike does Mrs. Cleaveland exhibit a boldness and freshness highly creditable. Not every poet would dare to use "you" and "thou" with such charming indifference in the same paragraph, or fling off the fetters of conventionality to achieve the striking expression,

"Where shineth like jasper the waves of the sea."

The epithets "blue and laughing," applied to the Rhine, "purple," descriptive of the Appenines, or "yellow," referring to the Tiber, have a degree of originality as startling as it is rare. If space served us we should like to quote all of Mrs. Cleaveland's poems; there are only fifteen in all, and it is difficult, leaving out the peerless first, to decide which is best. On the whole, we prefer to leave it to England to decide, and we shall await with intense anxiety the cable despatch announcing that momentous judgment.

Kriloff and his Fables. By W. R. S. Ralston, M.A., of the British Museum. London: Strahan & Co.; New York: George Routledge & Sons. 1869.—The translator of these fables has performed the grateful task of introducing us to an author with whom, from the extreme difficulty of acquiring his language, few of us would otherwise ever have become acquainted. The almost universal ignorance which prevails concerning the literature of the largest and politically most important country in Europe is a remarkable fact in the history of civilization;

and, admitting that the study of Russian may be laborious, we can scarcely be pardoned for treating with indifference the language spoken by sixty millions of souls. Early in the sixteenth century the Russian romances appeared under the form of fables. The first written in poetry were by Sumarokoff, whose efforts, however, were less successful than those of Chemnizer. This writer was distinguished for his *naïveté* and truth to nature, but Russian authorities accord to Kriloff the merit of superior brilliancy of thought, purity of style, and lightness of versification, and unhesitatingly place him beside the famous Dmitrieff, whom the severe and enlightened critic Makaroff styles the Russian La Fontaine. The friendship of Prince Gallitzin, in whose house Kriloff resided in Moscow, and whom he accompanied first into Lithuania and afterward to Saratof, in south-east Russia, gave him opportunities which few of his literary countrymen enjoyed for conversation with all ranks and classes, from the highest and most intelligent down to the common folk or "black people," as they are called; and the customs and opinions of these people, together with examples of their daily life, may be gleaned from his works, which, written in pure Russian, are yet interwoven with expressions picked up among the peasantry, and are well calculated to show the play of the Russian intellect. A splendid edition of Kriloff's fables was published in 1825, in the Russian, French, and Italian languages; but, with the exception of some fragments, no English translation has appeared until the present. We extract the following, which may be considered applicable elsewhere than in the Czar's dominions:

"The Eagle promoted a Cuckoo to the rank of a Nightingale. The Cuckoo, proud of its new position, seated itself proudly on an aspen and began to exhibit its musical talents. After a time it looks round. All the birds are flying away, some laughing at it, others abusing it. Our Cuckoo grows angry, and hastens to the Eagle with a complaint against the birds.

"Have pity on me!" it says. "According to your command I have been appointed Nightingale to these woods, and yet the birds dare to laugh at my singing."

"My friend," answers the Eagle, "I am a king, but I am not God. It is impossible for me to remedy the cause of your complaint. I can order a Cuckoo to be styled a Nightingale, but to make a Nightingale out of a Cuckoo—that I cannot do."

Agnes Wentworth. By E. Foxton. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1869.—There is a certain charm about this book which even a taste somewhat cloyed by the excessive glut in the fiction market must acknowledge. Neither the incidents nor the actors are new, the language is sometimes overstrained and unnatural, yet the characters are drawn with a good deal of care, and do not talk altogether like puppets. The book is devoutly pious; we could sometimes wish it were less so. The picture of a sister inconsolable over the death of a brother who has fallen on his country's field of honor with the New Testament on his blood-stained bosom—inconsolable not because she has lost him, but because she has doubts of his soul's happiness—is shocking to human feeling and the sacred reverence with which we regard our dead heroes. But the character of Agnes is, for the most part, a lovely one, and there is a freshness about the book which separates it a little from the great shoal of commonplace novels.

The Rapid Writer. Mendon, Mass.: D. F. Lindsley.—What the real object of this unpretending quarterly is it would be difficult to say, unless it be to advertise a modification of phonography called by its inventor "tachygraphy." How far that may or may not surpass phonography we have no means of judging. What little we have seen of it, however, has made us sceptical, and the bare fact of only printing in fourteen pages just ten monosyllabic words in the tachygraphic style looks very much as if the new system was rather afraid of the light. Still we have not the slightest wish to prejudice it, and therefore suspend our opinion till we can see a copy of the tachygraphic manual.

Cousin Amy, or Home Duties; and Annie's Influence, or "She hath done what She could." By Marian Howard. Philadelphia: Presbyterian Board of Education.—Both these little books are intended for girlish readers. The former contains a number of short sketches, not without interest and attraction for the young, but in our judgment overdone with Scriptural allusions and religious phraseology, and savoring of the class-meeting and the love-feast rather than the quiet, unobtrusive piety of the Christian home. Of the two volumes, *Annie's Influence* pleases us the better. It is the record of a life of much sweetness and beauty—a portrait somewhat improbable, yet not impossible.

Over Yonder. From the German of E. Marlitt. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.—This little story from the German has been put in book form after appearing serially in the pages of *Lippincott's Magazine*. It is simple and charming, and short enough to make one quite regret its brevity.

The Book of Tableaux and Shadow Pantomimes. By Sarah Annie Frost. New York: Dick & Fitzgerald.—Those fond of this species of parlor amusement will here find useful hints and suggestions.

Dictionary of the Bible. By Dr. William Smith. American Edition; revised and edited by Professor H. B. Hackett, D.D. New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1869.—Part seventeen of this valuable work has reached us. Every home with a Bible in it will be incomplete without this instructive adjunct.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

- J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia.—The Science of Rights. By J. G. Fichte. Translated from the German by A. E. Kroeger. Pp. 505. 1869.
The Golden Key: A Dramatic Story. Translated from the French. Pp. 112. 1869.
The Christian Worker: A Call to the Laity. By Rev. Charles Beach. Pp. 144. 1869.
Cottage Piety Exemplified. Pp. 316. 1869.
Three Thousand Miles through the Rocky Mountains. By A. K. McClure. Pp. 456. 1869.
The Quaker Partisans: A Story of the Revolution. With Illustrations. Pp. 294. 1869.
Beatrice. By the Hon. Roden Noel. Pp. 106. 1869.
FIELDS, OSGOOD & Co., Boston.—Oldtown Folks. By Harriet Beecher Stowe. Pp. 608. 1869.
Men, Women, and Ghosts. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Pp. 324. 1869.
TURNER BROTHERS, Philadelphia.—Beautiful Snow, and Other Poems. By J. W. Watson. 1869.
HURD & HOUGHTON, New York.—Poems. By Theophilus H. Hill.
CATHOLIC PUBLICATION SOCIETY, New York.—Glimpses of Pleasant Homes: A few Tales for Youth. By a member of the Order of Mercy. Pp. 236. 1869.
HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.—The Wedding Day in all Ages and Countries. By Edward J. Wood. Pp. 289. 1869.
G. P. PUTNAM & SON, New York.—Norman Leslie: A New York Story. By Theodore S. Fay. Pp. 391. 1869.
D. & J. SADLER, New York.—Winifred, Countess of Nithsdale: A Tale of the Jacobite Wars. By Lady Dacre. Pp. 320. 1869.
Love; or, Self-Sacrifice: A Story. By Lady Herbert. Pp. 202. 1869.
Life of John Banim, the Irish Novelist. By Patrick Joseph Murray. Pp. 355. 1869.
The Ghost Hunter and his Family. By The O'Hara Family. Pp. 251. 1869.
HARTFORD PUBLISHING COMPANY, Hartford.—Our New West: Records of Travel, including a Full Description of the Pacific Railroad, and of the Life of the Mormons, Indians, and Chinese; with Maps, Portraits, and twelve full-page Illustrations. By Samuel Bowles. Pp. 524. 1869.

PAMPHLETS.

We have received Harper's Monthly Magazine, the New Eclectic, the Month, Hours at Home, Good Words (London), the Broadway, the Riverside, the Eclectic Magazine, Our Young Folks, Arthur's Home Monthly Magazine, Once a Month, Every Saturday, Church Monthly, Good Words for the Young, Catholic World, the Old Guard, the Galaxy, Sunday Magazine (London), the Manufacturer and Builder, Pneumological Journal, Atlantic Monthly.

TABLE-TALK.

THE appointment by the President of Gen. D. E. Sickles as minister to Spain has led to newspaper discussions respecting his past history which from every point of view are painful and humiliating. It cannot be denied that the *Evening Post* and the *World* have a right to object to the appointment on national grounds, and the *Tribune*, which has printed bitterer things about Sickles than either the *Post* or *World*, is quite consistent in standing by political friends, let them be or do what they may. The case is a fine current illustration of our article on *Political Intolerance* printed last week. Were Gen. Sickles still a Democrat, the disgust and indignation of the *Tribune* over his receiving a foreign mission would positively know no bounds. What is character or honor worth in a community where such things can be and yet provoke no general outburst of condemnation that nothing could withstand? The *Tribune* is, however, right in a measure when it appeals to Gen. Sickles's war record as fairly purchasing silence for the record that preceded it. We might cheerfully acquiesce in this condonation if, after so far redeeming his name as his conduct in the war could redeem it, Gen. Sickles had thought proper to avoid instead of to court public attention. The account might have been reckoned as balanced before, but it is reopened, and on the wrong side, by this appointment to Spain. It is a peculiarly unfortunate appointment; and it is unhappily too easy to foresee possible circumstances which would make Gen. Sickles deeply regret having accepted, and Gen. Grant having conferred it. The Spanish people will scarcely be less punctilious on points of honor because they change their form of government into a republic, although Gen. Grant, the *Tribune*, and some others would seem to imply that they think otherwise.

THE "endless match" is a failure, and will soon be a thing of the past. It readily lights and burns in its dull way with fair persistency, but the flame seems to possess but little heating properties and is easily extinguished by the presence of any foreign body. The end of a cigar almost invariably puts it out without the fragrant weed becoming ignited, so that in order to enjoy an out-of-door smoke it is necessary to make half a dozen attempts before achieving success. In this respect the match has strong claims to its title. But there is another insuperable objection—one sufficient of itself to banish the article from society—the stench it emits is simply intolerable. Chemists tell us that an extremely small portion of the metal tellurium, dissolved in beer or other liquid, when drank will impart to the human body an odor insufferable to all who may come in contact with it. The same object may be more easily attained by carrying in the pocket one of these "endless matches." We have seen nothing yet to surpass the "Vesuvians," so popular in England, where they are retailed in the streets at a cent a box. They ignite freely in all weathers, are perfectly safe to carry on the person, burn long enough to light a couple of cigars if necessary, have an agreeable fragrance, and altogether form the pleasantest and most effective pocket companion that a smoker could wish. We cannot imagine why they have never been introduced here, except it be the fact that shippers object to carry them owing to the supposed risk of spontaneous combustion; but there is quite a fortune to be made out of them by any one who will undertake their manufacture and sale in this country.

A SINGULAR illustration of the assertion that we are fearfully and wonderfully made was seen the other day at Mercer, Pennsylvania, if we are to believe the local papers. The *Dispatch* says: One of the most extraordinary cases of peculiar formation in the human body we witnessed a few days since at Connelly's Hotel, Mercer, in the person of a colored man, a stranger. It is hardly correct, perhaps, to call it a case of malformation, as the phenomena were entirely internal, the man presenting no unusual appearance whatever. This person, by some inward muscular power, which he cannot explain, can shift the position of his heart at will. We went to see him, not believing more than half that we had been told, but were convinced in less time than it takes to write it. He requested us to satisfy ourselves that his heart was in the position usually occupied by that organ. Placing our hand on his breast we could feel its beating distinctly. He then commenced a series of contortions with his abdomen, rolling it over and over several times. At the conclusion of this striking exhibition, we placed our hand upon a lump in his left side below his waist, and there was the heart thumping away as if nothing unusual was the matter. A few more contortions and the frisky organ passed across the abdomen, and on the right side kept up its work of throwing the blood through the system as regularly as if in its natural position. More contortions, and it travelled back home; its course being easily traced under the skin till it passed under the ribs. The man then commenced a sort of rotary motion of the bowels, apparently turning them over several times, when we felt a complete set of ribs covering the abdomen, the regular set being in their usual place. Turning the bowels in the opposite direction the false ribs disappeared. On being asked if his parents had any more children like him, he replied that he had a brother over six feet high who could reduce his stature to something less than three feet. We believe him readily after having witnessed the above performance.

WM. B. OGDEN, ESQ., delivered a lecture in New York city, on Thursday of last week, on the Pacific Railroad. Mr. Ogden, who is in all respects one of the most prominent of the business men of America, and one who has been strikingly successful in connection with railroad enterprises, has never speculated in the stock of any road of which he has been president or director, or in any real estate on the line of such roads. This is a curious and noteworthy circumstance. It shows how great success can be reached in ways perfectly legitimate, and that in these days of feverish haste for fortune, of headlong speculation and mad gambling, there are yet some men of business among us who trust to the old grooves, and believe in steadfast industry, a clear head, and an honest purpose. Mr. Ogden's career has been a lofty and admirable one, and this particular feature of it deserves to be widely published and fully appreciated. It is a satisfaction to know that a name like his leads the list of directors of the first line of underground railway that will be constructed in the metropolis.

THE beautiful material, China grass, apparently such a valuable addition to our textile fabrics, proves in practice capricious and unsatisfactory. If treated in one way, it becomes brittle; if in another, it takes no good dye. The manufacturers got an admirable combination with silk for ladies' skirts; but as the China grass

has no spring in it, and the silk has, it was found when a lady sat down the crease did not come out; and there was an end of this application. The merchant in China is equally bothered. If he ships at one season, the loss in weight of a costly material will be 8 per cent.; at other periods only 3 per cent. As the material is so light, the shipowner charges him by measurement and not by weight. The stuff, too, is so durable that Chinamen compete for it and run up the price.

It is said that Mr. John Russell Young, the former managing editor of the *New York Tribune*, is to proceed to Europe as financial agent of the banking house of Messrs. Jay Cooke & Co. Does Mr. Young think by going eastward to escape the *Sun*?

MR. ROBERT B. ROOSEVELT has repurchased the *New York Citizen*, and will hereafter conduct that popular weekly as sole editor and proprietor. Mr. Roosevelt is excellently adapted to the position he has assumed, and the *Citizen* in his hands will, no doubt, become more interesting and more useful than ever.

IN the London Royal Academy one of the finest pictures is contributed by the great animal painter Landseer. The *Athenæum* describes it as the largest and finest work of a long-famous artist. It is entitled "The Swannery invaded by Sea-eagles," a gathering of swans' nests near the mouth of a river which flows from mountains that are not far off. From the hills that overlook the ocean the fierce brown birds have descended upon the white brood, and with beak and claw assail them at a terrible advantage. One has a big wader by the throat and just below the bill which vainly bites his thigh, while with a yellow dreadful claw he tears the downy breast of the victim, so that red blood streams over it, dashing the plumage of snow to the black foot-webs themselves, which vainly quiver on the ground. Yet the swan fights well, and delivers smashing blows with his wings at the tyrant. The effect of this mode of defence is seen on the body of another eagle which, with the ravenous yelp of his kind, returns to the attack on a second swan, and will certainly get the best of it. Already dead, between his still fighting fellows, a third swan lies prone, with a grey cygnet beside her. In the air above the nest other swans flutter away, but in vain; for eagles are there also, to destroy the last of those who foolishly built near the eyries of the robbers. The design of this picture may be thus explained; but it would be hard to illustrate the painting of the plumage or the largeness of style which prevails throughout this, which is the best colored of Sir Edwin's works.

BRIGHTON, on the Sussex coast, England, is taking steps to build a huge sea aquarium. A company has been formed with a capital of \$200,000 to start with; the government is expected to grant a large slice of the foreshore for the purpose, and the corporation of the town will aid the undertaking with a gift of \$35,000. In addition to their subscribed capital the company are to be able to borrow \$50,000. Mr. Lloyd, of the Zoölogical Society of Hamburg, will superintend the scientific details, and probably take permanent charge of the aquarium. Structures of this kind would be a novelty and a delight at our fashionable bathing resorts.

INSTANCES occasionally appear in the papers of old people renewing their strength. A Jewess in Brunn, Moravia, who had attained the respectable age of a hundred years, was recently surprised by the appearance of four new teeth; and a correspondent of an English paper states that at Colne, in Lancashire, an old hawker named Scotch Robin, who lived to be one hundred and six years old, had a complete set of new teeth—furnished by nature, not art—shortly before becoming a centenarian; and his eyesight, which had partially failed, was also fully restored.

THE Suez Canal is not yet ready for traffic. A sluice has been opened to admit the waters of the Mediterranean into the Bitter Lakes, a dry depression some twenty-five miles in length, which it will take about five months to fill. The month of October or November is the earliest date named by the engineers for the opening of the entire canal.

IN consideration of Mr. J. G. Harding, of Weston-super-Mare, stopping his suit for libel against Mr. Fuller, of the *Cosmopolitan*, that gentleman has inserted a card in his paper apologizing for the aspersions cast upon Mr. Harding's honor and character.

DR. W. H. RUSSELL (Bull Run Russell), who accompanied the Prince and Princess of Wales on their recent visit to Egypt, Turkey, Greece, and the Crimea, is said to be preparing for immediate publication a narrative of the tour.

THE death is announced of Mr. Charles Wentworth Dilke, at the age of 58.

CHESS.

SOME weeks ago we took occasion to caution our readers against falling into the habit of an unnecessarily tedious style of play, and we would now call their attention to another equally disagreeable custom, unfortunately too prevalent among modern Chess-players, namely, the practice of hovering irresolutely with the hand over a piece or pawn before making the intended move. Who that has ever had the ill-luck to encounter a player addicted to this reprehensible practice can forget the tortures undergone when, after having made a move which he sees too late must prove fatal, his opponent's hand commences to wander from one piece to another in a state of the most pitiable indecision; so that, should the dreaded *coup* at last be discovered, and checkmate given, the unfortunate loser feels such a sense of relief from the painful suspense under which he has been laboring as almost to make amends for the loss of the game. It is a pity that no rule exists by which some severe penalty might be enforced against the numerous body of *Luftgreifer*, or "air-graspers," as the Germans not inaptly style those Chess-players who have contracted this vice, as nothing short of some such penalty appears to have any effect on the peccant players.

GAME LXIV.

Played in the Brooklyn Chess Club, Messrs. Delmar and Phelan consulting together against Messrs. Brenzinger and Munoz.

GIUOCO PIANO.

WHITE.	BLACK.
Messrs. D. and P.	Messrs. B. and M.
1. P to K4	1. P to K4
2. Kt to KB3	2. Kt to QB3
3. B to QB4	3. B to QB4
4. Castles	4. P to Q3
Kt to KB3 is considered stronger.	
5. P to QB3	5. Kt to KB3
6. P to Q4	6. P takes P
7. P takes P	7. B to QKt3
8. P to Q5	8. Kt to K2
9. Kt to QB3	9. B to KKt5
10. Q to Q2	10. Castles
11. B to KKt5	11. Kt to KKt3
12. B to QKt3	12. P to KR3
13. B to Q2	

Apparently they would have saved time by going here on the 12th move.

14. P to KR3	13. Kt to Q2
15. Q to K2	14. Kt to QB4
16. Q takes B	15. B takes Kt
17. P takes Kt	16. Kt takes B
	17. Kt to K4

This is not well played, as White will presently gain an important "time" by the advance of BP on Kt.

18. Q to KKt3	18. K to R2
19. K to R	19. Q to K2
20. P to KB4	20. Kt to Q2
21. QR to K	

White's forces are now admirably disposed for attack.

22. Kt to QR4	21. QR to K
	22. B to Q5

A move involving a fatal loss of time, from the effects of which Black never recovers.

23. Q to Q3	23. B to QKt3
24. P to K5 dis ch	24. K to R
25. B to QB3	25. P takes P

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CONTENTS. March.

HENRY WARD BEECHER. L. P. Brockett, M.D.
(With portrait.)
HISTORY OF EDUCATION IN KINGS COUNTY. H. R. Stiles, M.D.
HE KNEW HE WAS RIGHT. Anthony Trollope.
THE BLIGHTED LIFE. Miss L. S. Hartley.
A physician's story.
INFANT BURIAL. S.—
THE DOMINIE'S RIDE WITH THE DEVIL. A. J. Spooner.
IN VINO VERITAS.
NEWSPAPER LIFE IN NEW YORK. Augustus Maverick.
CHRONICLES OF GRANVILLE. Miss —. Chapter I. The Colgreve Mansion.
THE HYMNS OF THE MIDDLE AGES. Benj. D. Silliman.
A MORNING IN A NEW YORK POLICE COURT. John F. Baker. Part I.
EN MASQUE. F. G. S.
THE LAST BATTLE OF THE WAR. Col. Wm. W. Bliss.
GENUINE WINE.
BROOKLYN'S OPPORTUNITY.
REAL ESTATE INTERESTS. V. Aldridge.
THE PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE OF BROOKLYN. Rev. S. T. Spear, D.D.
CURRENT LITERATURE.
TO OUR READERS AND PATRONS.

CONTENTS. April.

Rt. Rev. ABRAM NEWKIRK LITTLEJOHN, D.D., Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of L. I. L. P. Brockett, M.D. (With Portrait.)
ROORBACKS, AND THE LIKE. Augustus Maverick.
HE KNEW HE WAS RIGHT. Continued. Anthony Trollope.
THE WINDOW OVER THE WAY. Miss Jennie M. Paine.
HISTORY OF EDUCATION IN KINGS COUNTY. H. R. Stiles, M.D.
YAKUP PATCHELL; OR, THE LAST OF THE LEATHER BREECHES. A. J. Spooner.
RUNNING THE LITERARY GAUNTLET. Bradford Brooks.
CHRONICLES OF GRANVILLE. Miss —. Chapter II. The Stepmother.
O YE GIDDY HAVANESE. Wm. Ross Wallace.
PASSAGE OF THE GREAT CANON OF THE COLORADO. Illustrated Travels.
TO J. T. B. . . . A. J. S.
RECENT NARRATIVES OF TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE.
DESCRIPTION OF THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY TRINITY, BROOKLYN. (With Illustration.)
A MORNING IN A NEW YORK POLICE COURT. John F. Baker. Part II.
CURRENT LITERATURE.

CONTENTS. May.

ISAAC VAN ANDEN, Proprietor of the Brooklyn Daily Eagle. (With Portrait.) Joseph Howard, Jr.
TRUE FRIENDSHIP. W. J. Hanlon.
HUMAN AUGURS. Augustus Maverick.
THE GREAT AMERICAN DESERT. (With Illustration—Descent of the Sierras) H. P. Wells.
CHRONICLES OF GRANVILLE. Chapter III. Mr. Marly. Miss —.
THE FAITHFUL HEART. T. W. T.
GEMINI. Corday.
THE FIRST EPISCOPAL CHURCH IN BROOKLYN. Old St. Ann's. A. J. Spooner.
THE DECLINE OF MODERN DOMESTIC LIFE. Bradford Brooks.
SONG OF MAY. Wm. Ross Wallace.
STRANGE BUT TRUE. Greenville.
THE TENDER FRIEND. Grace W. Hinsdale.
A MORNING IN A NEW YORK POLICE COURT. Part III. John F. Baker.
HE KNEW HE WAS RIGHT. Continued. Anthony Trollope.
IN WAIT. Miss Jennie M. Paine.
HISTORY OF EDUCATION IN KINGS COUNTY. (Concluded.) H. R. Stiles, M.D.
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